No. 30
PEP COMICS
The SHIELD
10¢
AUGUST
MONTANA

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *Age*_____

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE IN THREE COLORS RED—WHITE—BLUE

BULLETIN No. 10

GOOD grief! Talk about finding danger where you least expect it! When Dusty and I stepped up to the office this afternoon, we thought we'd have a peaceful few hours but what actually happened is that we came pretty close to being trampled to death. The place is a madhouse!

Golly, I guessed from the enthusiastic way you fellows and girls greeted some of the other characters when they first joined the gang that you'd go for Pokey Oakey in a big way, but I didn't expect anything like this. Soon as Dusty and I walked in, Black Hood and Kardak and one or two others of the TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMIC gang grabbed us and took us over to congratulate Pokey, who was sitting with a grin a mile wide on his face and digging thru a pile of letters as tall as he is. Postmen were rushing in and out, desks were piled higher and higher with letters . . . one desk even caved in. All I can is, again—golly!!

But there's some official business to take care of, and I'd better get right to it. To Pal Weimer. That's a swell idea, your cub troop having a show, with one fellow playing Dusty, and another pretending to be me, and so on. Who would you pick to play Captain Swastika, Pal? And I want to say hello to Tito Torralba and J. Eisenberg, both of whom write top notch letters from far off places: Tito from Baguio, Philippines, and J. Eisenberg (say, what does the "J" stand for? Joe? Jack? Jimmy?) all the way from Aberdeen, Cape Province, South Africa.

New outstanding members of the Shield G Man Club this month are:

WILLIAM MCLEID 442 E. Jefferson St. Louisville, Ky	ANN CARPENTER 929 East Washington Louisville, Ky	HAROLD MARCUS 202 East 18th Street New York, N. Y.
DELMER DOWDA Warrior, Alabama	LECESTER WARREN Covington, Va	BRUCE PETRIE Black River
A. ALTSCULE 4 Dayview Avenue Port Elizabeth	JAMES HOTCHKISS 54 Domingo Berkeley, California	DOROTHY HICKEY Box 134 San Miguel

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

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THE ONE AND ONLY
SHIELD
WITH DUSTY
THE BOY DETECTIVE
WILL THE SHIELD REGAIN HIS SUPER-POWERS? THE MOMENTS TICK BY - BREATHLESS, ALMOST UNENDURABLE MOMENTS-WITH THE GREAT QUESTION ALMOST AT HAND. THEN DUSTY, IN AN AGONY OF SUSPENSE, THROWS THE SWITCH. THE RAYS WHICH ONCE BEFORE ENDOWED THE SHIELD WITH HIS SUPER-POWERS, POUR AGAIN OVER HIS OUTSTRETCHED GIANT FRAME, AND...
THIS IS IT! THE END OF OUR EXPERIMENT... GEE, I'M SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!
SUCCESS OR FAILURE
WHICH

HOW DO YOU FEEL, SHIELD?
CAN'T TELL YET, LAD!
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, AND THATS BY TESTING MY STRENGTH. THAT IRON BAR SHOULD DO IT!
IT'S SOLID ENOUGH. IF I CAN BEND IT, I'LL KNOW... AGH!
I-I CAN'T DO IT, DUSTY! I CAN'T EVEN BEND IT!
GEE, SHIELD!
WELL, THERE'S OUR ANSWER, DUSTY!
SO WHAT! WE'RE NOT LICKED - NOT BY A LONG SHOT, PAL!
YOU'RE RIGHT. IT JUST MEANS OUR FIGHT'S GOING TO BE TOUGHER, BUT WE'LL FIGHT WHILE THERE'S A BREATH IN US!
AND FOR THE SAME BOSS, DUSTY, UNCLE SAM!
SHAKE, ON IT!
YOU SAID IT... I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU BEFORE, SHIELD - BUT I'M JUST AS GLAD YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR SUPER-POWERS BACK! NOW WE CAN WORK TOGETHER MORE LIKE EQUALS!

MEANWHILE, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN A GESTAPO JAIL IN BERLIN - A SCENE UNFOLDS THAT IS DESTINED TO GIVE THE SHIELD HIS FIRST GREAT TEST...
TALK, YOU FRENCH SWINE - TALK!
OWOOO!
VAIT! I GIF HIM ONE LAST CHANCE!
TELL US DER TRUTH, SCUM OF A FRENCHMAN!
HAF IT YOUR OWN WAY - BRING IN DER STRANGLER!
NON! NON!
NO! NOT THE STRANGLER! I BEG YOU!
THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN BY A GNARLED, MIS-SHAPEN MAMMOTH HAND.....THE STRANGLER'S HAND!
YOU SUMMONED ME, HERR KAPITAN?
JA, STRANGLER, A MATTER OF LOOS-ENING DER TONGUE OF DIS OBSTINATE FRENCHMAN!
IT'S A PLEASURE, KAP-ITAN! ONLY VUN T'ING I LIKE TO DO AS MUCH AS PERSUADE PEOPLE, UND DOT IS PAINT!

MY LATEST CREATION! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT HERR KAPITAN?
OH--ER, YES! VE CALLED YOU IN TO MAKE DIS SCUM TALK, HERR STRANGLER!
I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK! THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN GIVING AWAY YOUR SECRET PLANS TO WASHINGTON IS MONSIEUR BERGERE, THE VICHY CONSUL IN WASHINGTON! AH--AH--UNH!
SO YOUR GUEST DOES NOT FEEL IN A CHATTING MOOD... ACH...DOT IS BAD! ...
..FOR HIM! HAF YOU SOMET'ING PRESSING ON YOUR MIND? DEN SPEAK!
SEND DER STRANGLER TO AMERIKA TO GET RID OF DIS VICHY PIG! GIF HIM FORGED PAPERS UND TELL HIM TO GO RIGHT AWAY!
JA? VE SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THE NEXT DAY..
VE HAF DISCOVERED DOT DER VICHY CONSUL IN VASHINGTON IS DISCLOSING OUR PLANS TO THE UNITED STATES!
AUF VIEDERSEHN - I MUST HURRY BACK TO MY PAINTING...PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB ME!

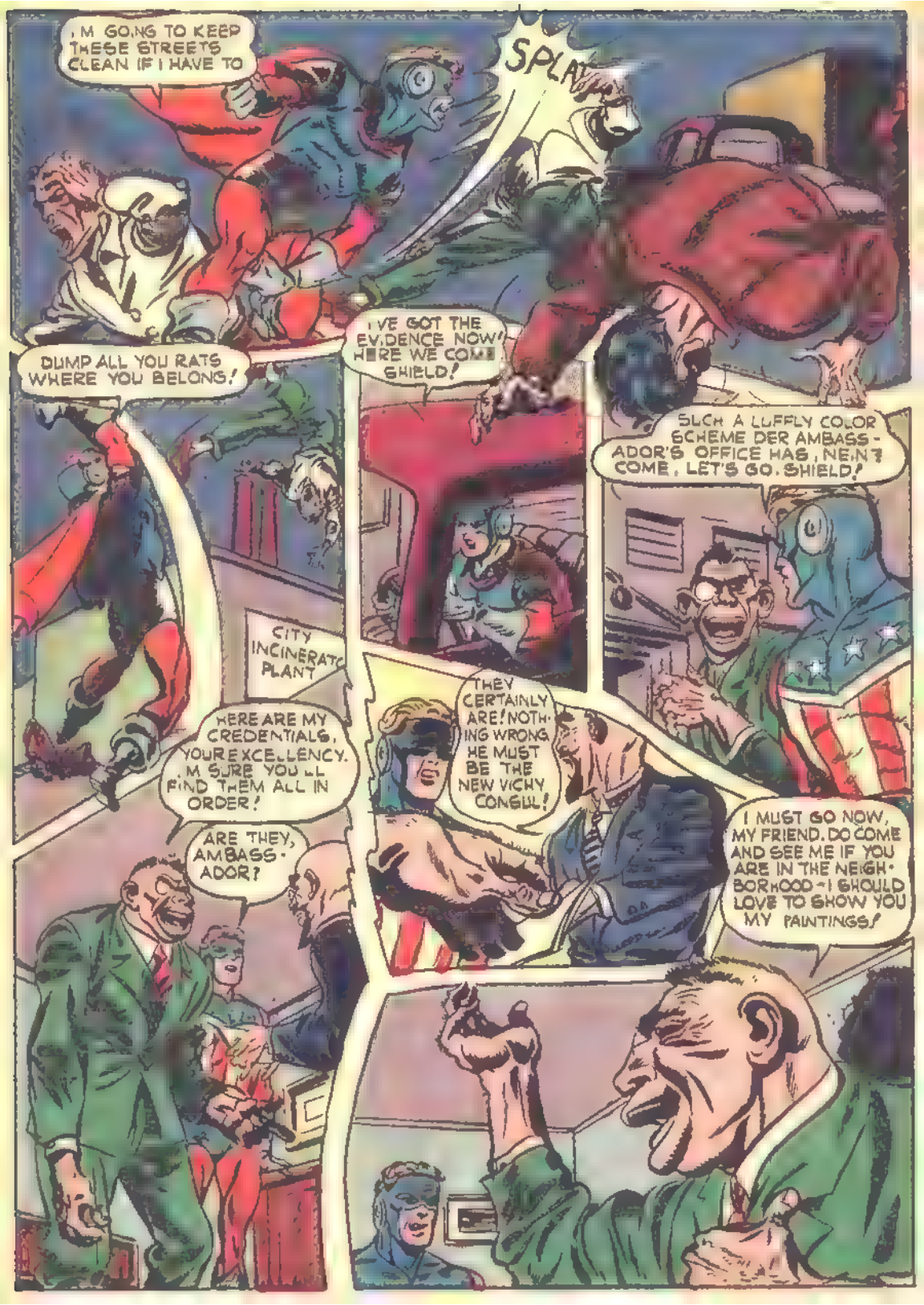
SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER IN WASHINGTON, JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY TAKE IN AN OPERA...
JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE HER, JOE!
OPERA PROGRAM
A PARTY WITH
BOY, THAT JUVENILE STAR'S REALLY GOT DUSTY GOING. JUST LOOK AT THAT DOPEY EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!
THAT'S THE END OF THE OPERA... BOY, SHE'S WONDERFUL!
HEY WAKE UP, JOE! IT'S ALL OVER!
WHAT A VOICE! WHAT A FIGURE.... WHAT CLASS!
COME ON WITH ME! I'M GONNA MEET THAT GIRL OR BUST A BLOOD VESSEL!
SUITS ME! NOW MAYBE WE'LL STOP COMING HERE - WE'VE ALREADY SEEN THE SHOW FIVE TIMES!
OH, GO ON— THIS IS HER DOOR!
ER..MY NAME'S DUSTY AND THIS IS MY PAL, JOE HIGGINS..WE-ER-I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW-ER-MARVELOUS---ER--
HOW D'YOU DO?
PARDONNEZ, M'SIEUR! ZE TELEPHONE!
RRRING

HALLO? YES, PA-PA, EET'S ME, YVONNE! I WEESH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN ME TONIGHT!
I HEARD YOU, OVER THE RADIO MA CHERE...YOU SOUNDED MARVELOUS!
SUDDENLY, A TERRIFYING FORM ENTERS THE ROOM...
W-WHO ARE YOU? GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!
YOUR COLLABORATION MIT AMERIKA IS OVER!
YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HERR BERGERE--DIS IS DER STRANGLER'S OFFICE NOW!
THE STRANGLER'S MASSIVE FINGERS REACH FORWARD...FORWARD...
I DO NOT KNOW. BUT I HEAR THE SOUND OF STRUGGLING-AND THEN ALL EES QUIET!
WHAT'S YOUR FATHERS NAME AND ADDRESS? WE'LL HURRY DOWN THERE!
SO LONG, YVONNE, AND DON'T WORRY!
PAPA...SPEAK TO ME..MON DIEU...SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!
SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?

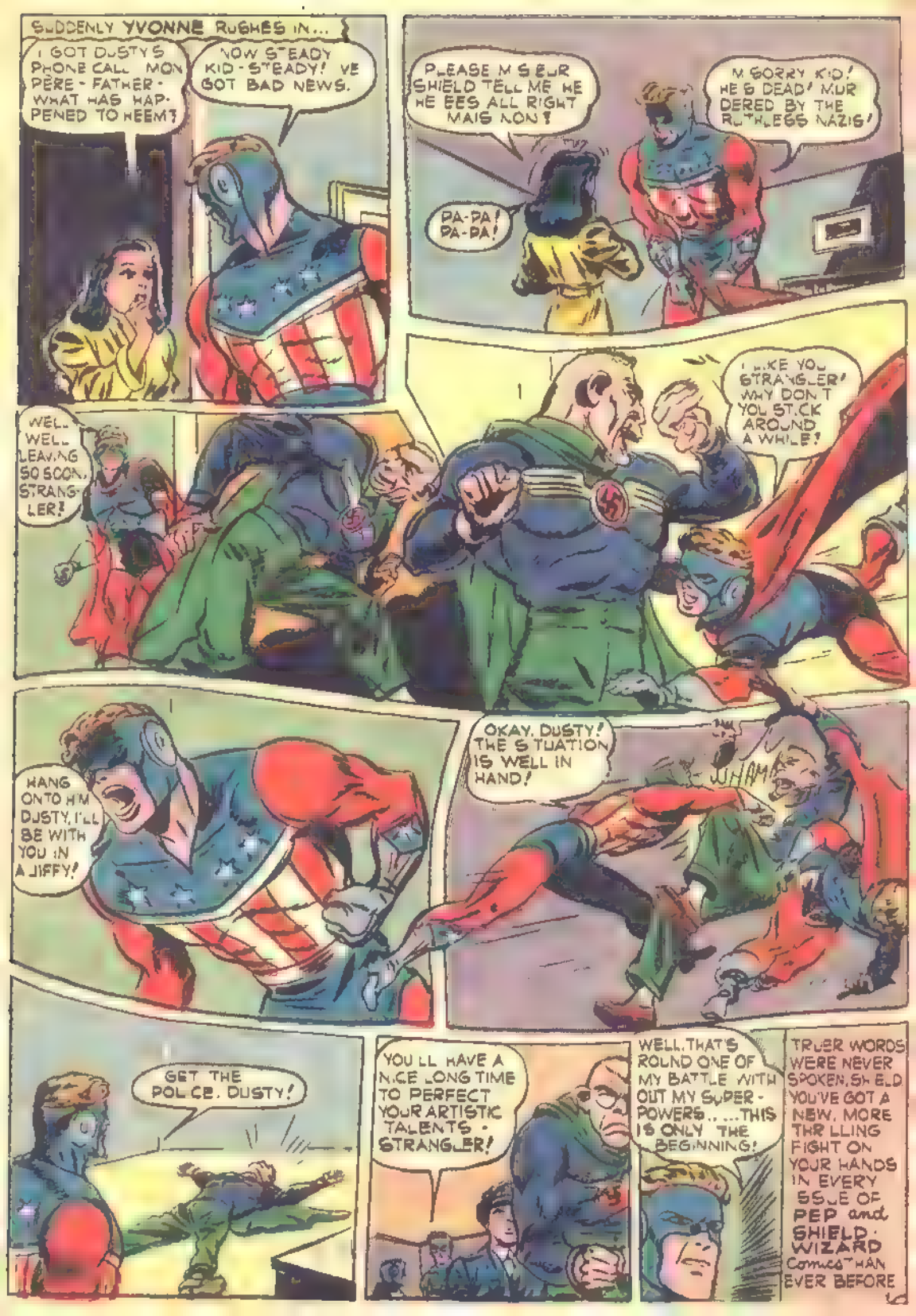
SHE HEARD THE NAME 'STRANGLER,' SHE SAID. AND HER DAD'S ONE OF THE FRENCH LEGATION...THAT ADDS UP TO TROUBLE!
LOOKS LIKE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!
HOPE THEY'RE READY TO RECEIVE MY FIST!
REVOLVERS
VELL? VHERE ARE YOU HEADING, STRIPE SUIT?
YOUR JAW, TOUGH GUY!
POW
I'M GOING TO SEE THE FRENCH CONSUL-AND I DON'T LIKE WISE-GUYS WHO GET IN MY WAY!
WHAM
VOT'S ALL DIS ROUGH-HOUSE? DID I HEAR SOME-VUN ASK FOR DER CONSUL?
BONG
I DID! THIS GARBAGE WAS IN MY WAY!
7

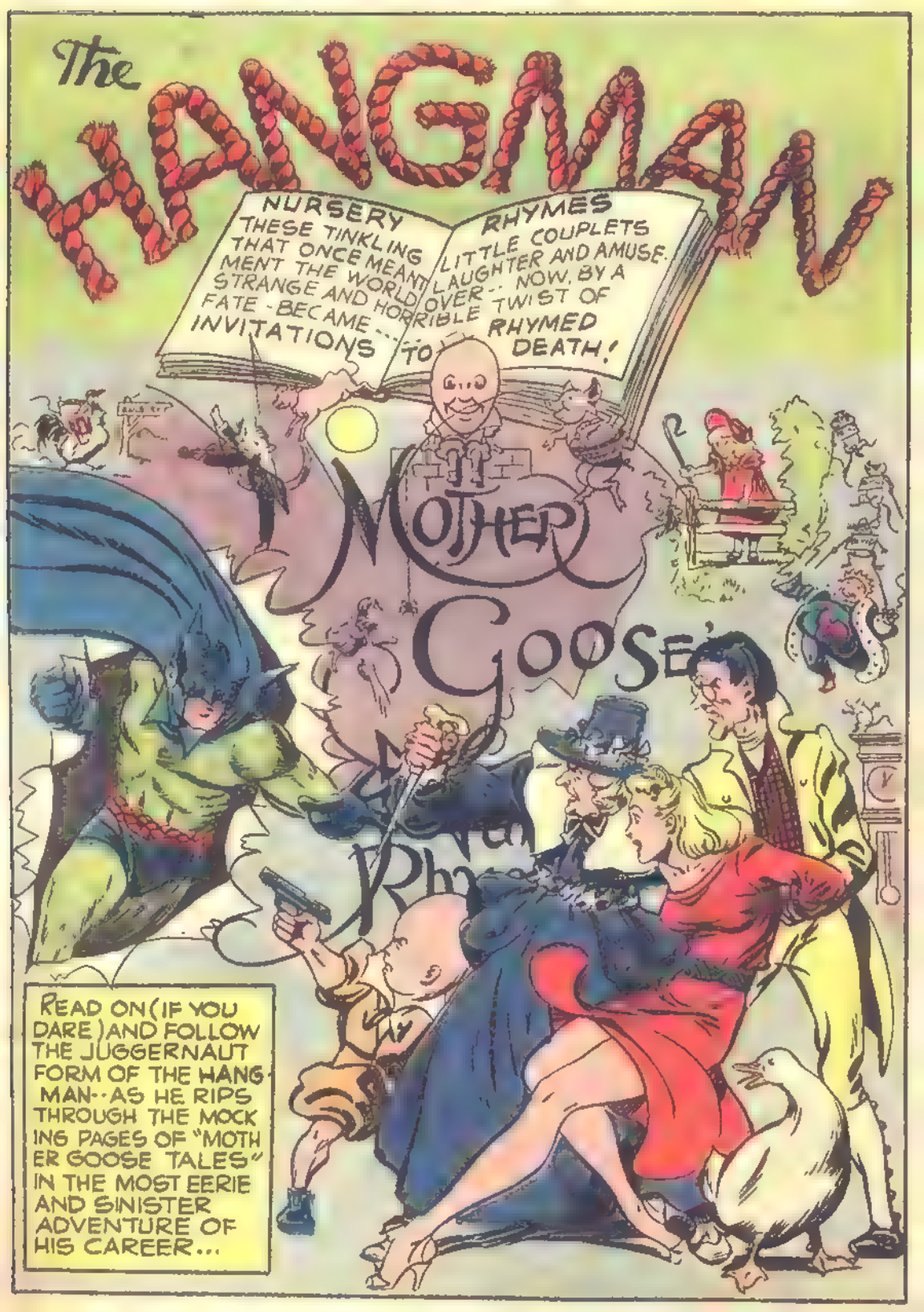
I'M SORRY DIS TRASH ANNOYED YOU! STEP INSIDE, GENTLEMEN, VHERE THERE IS PEACE UND QUIET!
I DONT GET THIS! WHO'RE YOU... AND WHERE'S MR BERGERE, THE VICHY CONSUL?
BERGERE? OH, YOU MEAN THE FORMER CONSUL...
..VHY · ER · HE VAS SUDDENLY CALLED BACK TO FRANCE!
HMM... WHY'S THAT RUG BEING ROLLED UP? GIVING A DANCE?
ACH! NO! IT OFFENDED MY ARTISTIC SENSE OF COLOR! I'M HAVING IT CHANGED!
A FLASH OF UNDERSTANDING PASSES BETWEEN DUSTY AND THE SHIELD...
SOME-THING'S PHONY ABOUT THAT CAR-PET!
NOT AT ALL! I HAF BEEN ADMIRING DER BEAUTIFUL SKY-SCRAPERS AND HAF NOT YET BEEN TO DER AMBASSADOR! LET US GO TOGETH-ER TO HIM!
DO YOU MIND SHOWING ME YOUR CREDENTIALS AS THE NEW CONSUL!
SUDDENLY...
OOH, MY STOMACH... MUST HAVE BEEN THAT APPLE I ATE!
8

OWOO! MY STUMMICK'S WORSE! I'M GOING TO BEAT IT, SHIELD!
SURE, KID! I'LL RUN ALONG WITH THE NEW CONSUL TO THE AMBASSADORS!
DUSTY RACES OUTSIDE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE MOVING VAN PULLING AWAY
BLOOD!
BOY! THE SHIELD HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!
M STICKING WITH THESE GUYS!
THE CITY DUMP!
CITY INCINERATOR PLANT
THAT CLINCHES IT-YVONNES DAD IS IN THAT RUG!
HURRY MIT DIS RUG! VE BURN THE BODY QUICK!
NOT SO FAST, BUMS! I DON'T LIKE YOUR NAZI ACCENT...!
9


I'M GOING TO KEEP THESE STREETS CLEAN IF I HAVE TO
SPLAT
I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE NOW! HERE WE COME SHIELD!
DUMP ALL YOU RATS WHERE YOU BELONG!
SUCH A LUFFLY COLOR SCHEME DER AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE HAS, NE'IN? COME, LET'S GO, SHIELD!
CITY INCINERATOR PLANT
HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS, YOUR EXCELLENCY. I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN ORDER!
THEY CERTAINLY ARE! NOTHING WRONG HE MUST BE THE NEW VICHY CONSUL!
ARE THEY, AMBASSADOR?
I MUST GO NOW, MY FRIEND. DO COME AND SEE ME IF YOU ARE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD - I SHOULD LOVE TO SHOW YOU MY PAINTINGS!

AT THAT MOMENT DUSTY APPEARS.
HOLD EVERY-THING! DON'T LET BIG-HANDS GET AWAY!
LOOK SHIELD! THE REAL CONSUL- MURDERED!
GET YVONNE OVER HERE TO IDENTIFY HIM!
HELLO? GET ME THE OPERA HOUSE RIGHT AWAY!
SO THERE'S A SWASTIKA UNDER YOUR COAT, EH?
JA! NO VUN ESCAPES DER STRANGLER! YOU INCLUDED!
SO YOU DON'T WANT TO FIGHT? WELL, I DO!
TAKE YOUR CLUMSY HANDS OFF ME! I DON'T LIKE IT!
LIKE THIS ANY BETTER STRANGLER?
WHAM


SUDDENLY YVONNE RUGHES IN...
I GOT DUSTY'S PHONE CALL MON PERE - FATHER - WHAT HAS HAP-PENED TO HEEM?
NOW S'TEADY KID - S'TEADY! VE GOT BAD NEWS.
PLEASE M'SEUR SHIELD TELL ME HE HE EES ALL RIGHT MAIS NON?
M'SORRY K'D! HE'S DEAD! MUR DERED BY THE RUTHLESS NAZIS!
PA-PA! PA-PA!
WELL WELL LEAVING SO SOON, STRANG-LER!
I LIKE YOU STRANGLER! WHY DON'T YOU ST.CK AROUND A WHILE!
HANG ONTO HIM DUSTY, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY!
OKAY, DUSTY! THE S'TUATION IS WELL IN HAND!
JHAM
GET THE POLICE, DUSTY!
YOU'LL HAVE A NICE LONG TIME TO PERFECT YOUR ARTISTIC TALENTS - STRANGLER!
WELL, THAT'S ROUND ONE OF MY BATTLE WITH OUT MY SUPER-POWERS... ...THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN, SHIELD YOU'VE GOT A NEW, MORE THRILLING FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PEP and SHIELD-WIZARD Comics THAN EVER BEFORE


The HANGMAN
NURSERY RHYMES
THESE TINKLING LITTLE COUPLETS THAT ONCE MEANT LAUGHTER AND AMUSEMENT THE WORLD OVER -- NOW, BY A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE TWIST OF FATE - BECAME -- INVITATIONS TO RHYMED DEATH!
MOTHER GOOSE'
READ ON (IF YOU DARE) AND FOLLOW THE JUGGERNAUT FORM OF THE HANGMAN -- AS HE RIPS THROUGH THE MOCKING PAGES OF "MOTHER GOOSE TALES" IN THE MOST EERIE AND SINISTER ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER...

HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN IN THE FASHIONABLE PENTHOUSE OF SIMON DICKSON A BUTLER ENTERS
WHAT'S IT MASON?
A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR MASTER!
HMM! THAT'S STRANGE..A NURSERY RHYME ABOUT SIMPLE SIMON AND..
TELLING ME TO GO TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT! WONDER WHO COULD HAVE SENT THIS TO ME?
SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN GOING TO THE FAIR SAID SIMPLE SIMON TO THE PIEMAN, "MAY I TASTE YOUR WARE?"
MY DEAR SIMON COME TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT, BUT BE SURE TO TELL NO ONE. YOU ARE THE FAVORITE AND CHOSEN SON. YOUR MOTHER'S WISH IS THAT YOU INHERIT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!
HURRIEDLY, SIMON MAKES FOR HIS SLEEK CAR
SO MOTHER FINALLY FORGAVE ME FOR NEGLECTING HER! I KNEW ALL ALONG I WAS HER FAVORITE SON!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BOB DICKERING FINDS A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AMONGST HIS MAIL
WHAT TH—? WHO'S SENDING ME MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES ABOUT COCK ROBIN? SOMETHINGS SCREWY!

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?
I, SAID THE SPARROW
WITH MY BOW AND ARROW
I KILLED COCK ROBIN !
MY DEAR ROBIN,
COME TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT BUT BE SURE TO TELL NO ONE. YOU ARE THE FAVORITE AND CHOSEN SON ... YOUR MOTHER'S WISH IS THAT YOU INHERIT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!
OH THIS IS ADDRESSED TO ROBIN DICKSON, NOT ROBERT DICKERING ... I'LL SEE HE GETS IT MYSELF!
THE ADDRESS IS JUST UP THE STREET DICKSON OUGHT TO BE HAPPY TO GET THIS LETTER!
I'M SORRY, MR DICKSON I GOT YOUR LETTER AND OPENED IT BY MISTAKE!
YOU CERTAINLY HAD SOME NERVE READING MY MAIL! PEOPLE LIKE YOU OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP IN JAIL... GET OUT!
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
SLAM
A FEW MINUTES LATER
THATS QUEER ALL RIGHT BOB! DICKSON SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TO GET THAT LETTER!
THE DICKSON FAMILY SOUNDS STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO ME!
YOU'RE RIGHT - I REMEMBER NOW - MRS. DICKSON HAD THREE SONS WHO DESERTED HER! A VERY PECULIAR FAMILY!

THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO. LET'S GET UP TO CRADLE ISLAND RIGHT AWAY!
MEANWHILE, IN THE GARISH YELLOW LIGHT OF A FULL MOON STANDS THE FORBIDDING CASTLE OF CRADLE ISLAND.
AND INSIDE A STORMY SCENE AMONGST THE BROTHERS, AS THEIR UNCLE JOHN WATCHES SILENTLY...
A FINE BROTHER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE - YOU AND YOUR PRETENSE OF BEING AN ENGLISHMAN - WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YES, WHAT?
I DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER TO YOU, SIMON, OR TO ROBIN EITHER! IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHY I'M HERE!
ANY MORE OF YOUR INSULTS AND I'LL KILL YOU - SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL YOU!
SUDDENLY SIMON RISES
TH-THE PIE! I'VE BEEN POISONED!
H-HELP! I.....I'M CHOKING!
GASPING FRANTICALLY, SIMON STAGGERS TO HIS ROOM
INSIDE, A HORRIBLE FIGURE GLOATS FIENDISHLY OVER THE DYING MAN
H-HELP! I.....I... UGH - GLUG!

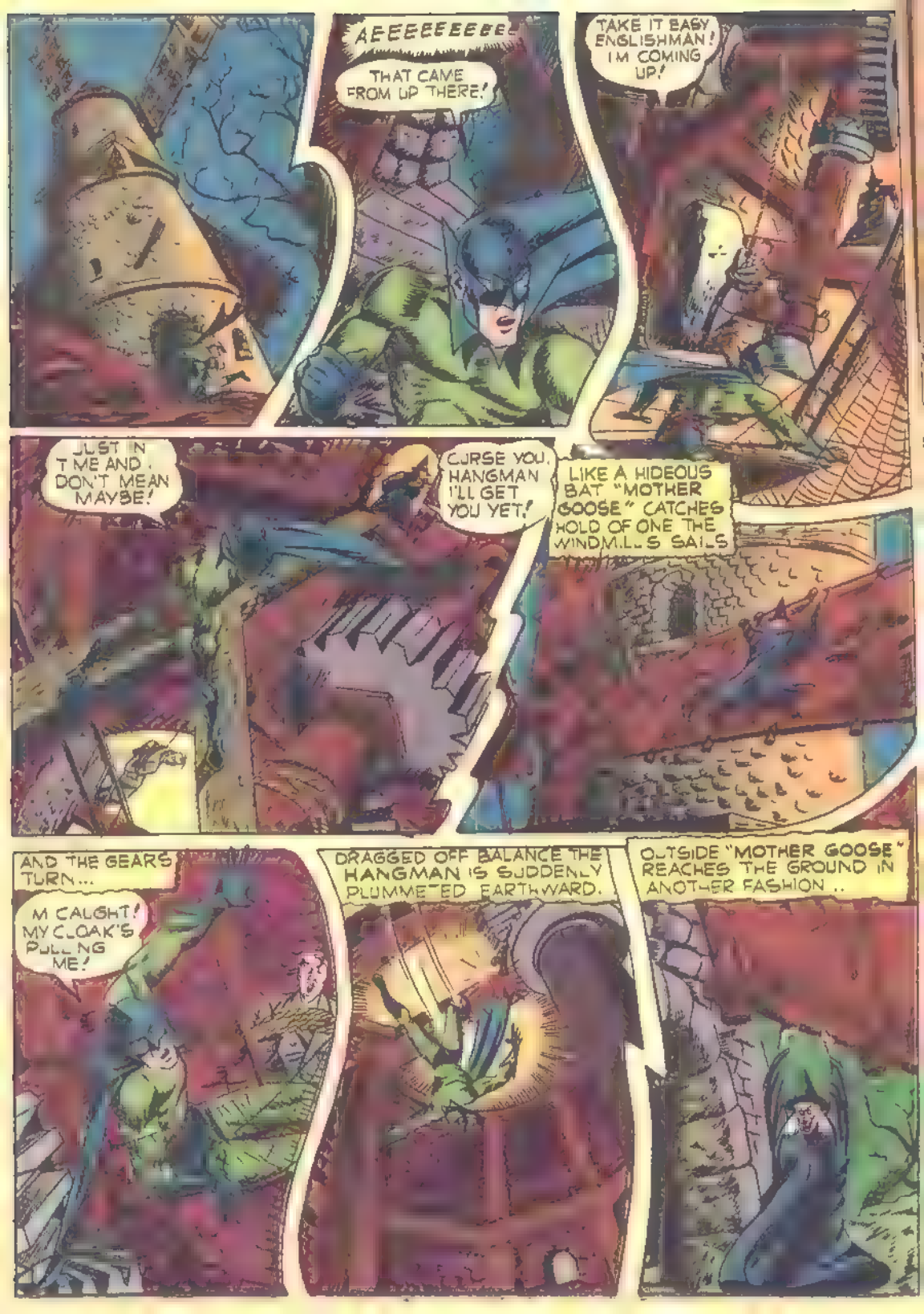
HEE-HEE-HEE I'LL SCRATCH OUT THE LAST LINES OF THIS POEM AND
SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN GOING TO THE FAIR SAID SIMPLE SIMON TO THE PIEMAN, MAY I TASTE YOUR WARE ?" SIMPLE SIMON DIED OF POISON SITTING IN HIS CHAIR!
MEANWHILE IN THE LOWER HALL
W-WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU BUT WE'VE RUN OUT OF GAS... I WONDER--
SUDDENLY LOUD MOCKING LAUGHTER PIERCES THE AIR..
THAT CAME FROM UP STAIRS!
AS DICKERING RUSHES UPSTAIRS HE FINDS...
HMM! A NOTE ON HIS CHEST!
SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN GOING TO THE FAIR SAID SIMPLE SIMON TO THE PIEMAN MAY I TASTE YOUR WARE ?" SIMPLE SIMON DIED OF POISON SITTING IN HIS CHAIR!
DICKERING WHIPS DOWNSTAIRS
DON'T THROW AWAY THAT PIE!
HMM JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THIS PIE'S BEEN DOSED WITH CYANIDE, A DEADLY POISON!
WHAT!

WHILE TERROR STRIKES CONFUSION AMONG ALL, BOB DICKERING STEPS OUT AND RETURNS AS THE HANGMAN!
P-POISONED! GOOD LORD! I SEE IT ALL NOW OUR MOTHER NEVER WROTE THOSE NOTES TO US!
WE WERE LURED DOWN HERE TO BE KILLED...I-I'M LEAVING!
GETTING PANICKY NOW WON'T HELP MATTERS GO TO YOUR ROOMS AND TRUST ME TO LOOK AFTER YOU!
ALL RIGHT!
TO MAKE SURE THAT THE "MOTHER GOOSE" KILLER COMMITS NO FURTHER ATROCITIES THE HANGMAN VIGILANTLY KEEPS GUARD
GOOD! ROBIN DICKSON SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH!
NOW TO SEE HOW THE ENGLISHMAN'S GETTING ALONG!
BUT THE INSTANT THE HANGMAN IS GONE....
M-MOTHER GOOSE! NO! NO! DON'T!

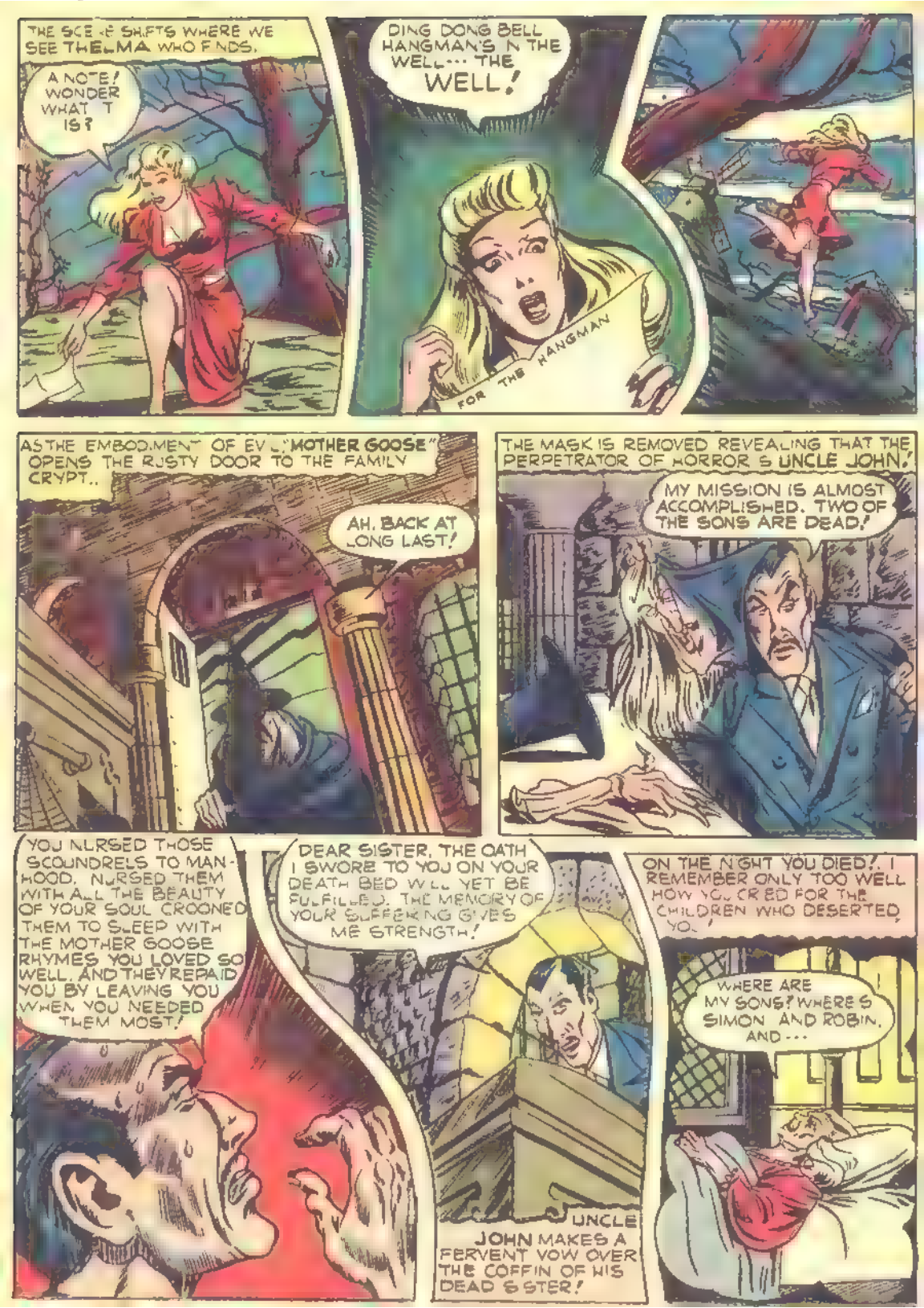
HE-HE-HE! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, ROBIN DEAR!
THIS LITTLE ARROW WILL STOP YOUR WORRIES!
N-NO, PLEASE! I-I-D.DON'T MEAN TO.. AAARRGH!
G-A-A-A-A-A-A-KH!
HE-HE-HE-HE-HE
TOO LATE! ANOTHER VICTIM!
HE'S DONE FOR... THE ARROW MUST HAVE GONE RIGHT THROUGH HIM!
WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?
~~I SAID THE SPARROW~~
~~WITH MY BOW AND ARROW~~
~~I KILLED COCK ROBIN~~
I, SAID MOTHER GOOSE
WITH MY LITTLE ARROW
I KILLED COCK-ROBIN
Mother Goose

THAT MAD MURDERER OUTWITTED ME, ALL RIGHT-BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM YET!
AND HE'S LIABLE TO STRIKE AT THE THIRD BROTHER, THE ENGLISHMAN, AT ANY MOMENT!
OH, THERE YOU ARE!.. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OUT OF THIS HOUSE! I'M NOT GOING TO STAY AROUND AND BE KILLED!
HMM, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU BUT I THINK YOU'RE SAFE IN HERE!
I TELL YOU I'M LEAVING NOW!
AND IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME, THIS LITTLE REVOLVER WILL DO MY TALKING FOR ME!
MEANWHILE, IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT WITHIN A SECRET GABLE 'MOTHER GOOSE' SITS AND..
SO THE HANGMAN IS TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS, EH?
I'LL MAKE HIM REGRET HIS INTRUSION. FIRST I MUST GET RID OF THE ENGLISHMAN!
LET ME SEE. A NICE LITTLE NURSERY RHYME TO FIT THE END I HAVE IN MIND FOR THE HANGMAN!
FOR THE HANGMAN
FOR THE ENGLISHMAN

AH! THERE'S THE HANGMAN!
LET HIM GET MY WARNING NOW!
THE NURSERY RHYMES FLOAT EARTHWARD AS THE HANGMAN APPROACHES
SO THE MURDERER IS AFTER ME!
FOR THE ENGLISHMAN
FOR THE HANGMAN
DING DONG BELL
HANGMANS IN THE WELL
HE WHO WAS THE GALLOWS' FRIEND
NOW AT LAST HAS MET HIS END!
Mother Goose
WHAT'S THE SECOND ONE SAY?
FOR THE ENGLISHMAN
EE F FO FUM
I SMELL THE BLOOD
OF AN ENGLISHMAN
BE HE ALIVE OR
BE HE DEAD,
LL GRIND HIS BONES
TO MAKE MY BREAD
Mother Goose
"GR ND H.S BONES!" THE OLD MILL, THAT'S WHERE SHE S!
I'VE GOT TO GET THERE N TIME TO SAVE HIM!
DID YOU SEE? THE HANGMAN LET FALL ONE OF THE NOTES


AEEEEEEEEEE!
THAT CAME FROM UP THERE!
TAKE IT EASY ENGLISHMAN! I'M COMING UP!
JUST IN TIME AND DON'T MEAN MAYBE!
CURSE YOU, HANGMAN I'LL GET YOU YET!
LIKE A HIDEOUS BAT "MOTHER GOOSE" CATCHES HOLD OF ONE THE WINDMILL'S SAILS
AND THE GEARS TURN...
M CAUGHT! MY CLOAK'S PULLING ME!
DRAGGED OFF BALANCE THE HANGMAN IS SUDDENLY PLUMMETED EARTHWARD.
OUTSIDE "MOTHER GOOSE" REACHES THE GROUND IN ANOTHER FASHION ..

SHE RUSHES BACK INTO THE HALL...
THE HANGMAN HE'S FALLEN!
HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WHAT WONDERFUL LUCK - HE,HE,HE
COME WITH ME, MY LITTLE HANGMAN WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CORPSE YOU WILL MAKE!
WITH SURPRISING STRENGTH MOTHER GOOSE* HEAVES THE LIMP BODY OF THE HANGMAN INTO THE WELL ...
HE-HE-HE- DING DONG BELL, THE HANGMAN'S GONE TO .... WELL!
THE ICY SHOCK SUDDENLY REVIVES THE HANGMAN..
.. AND VAINLY HIS FINGERS CLAW FOR SAFETY...
IT'S TOO SLIPPERY - I CAN'T MAKE IT!

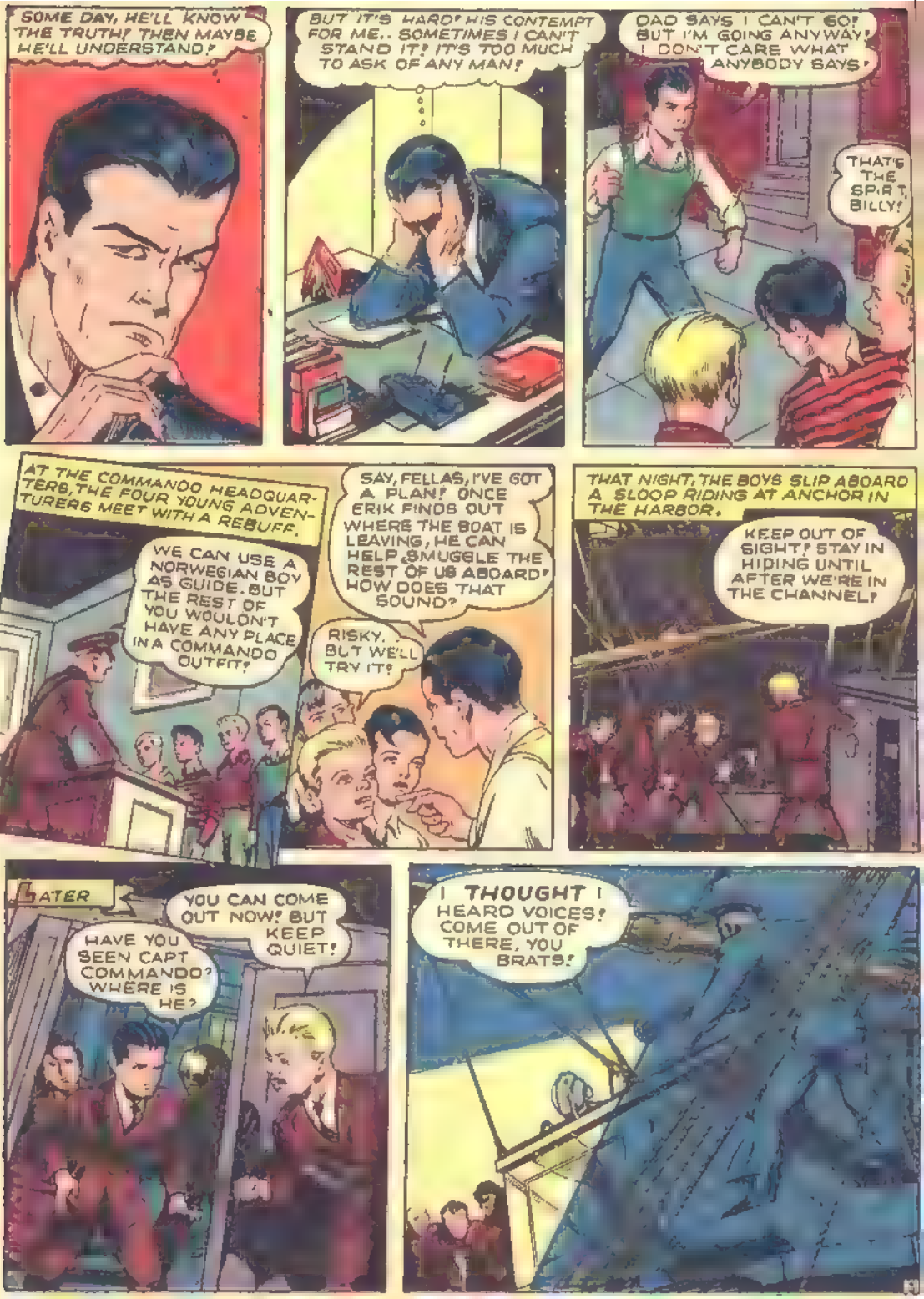

THE SCENE SHIFTS WHERE WE SEE THELMA WHO FINDS.
A NOTE! I WONDER WHAT IT IS?
DING DONG BELL HANGMAN'S IN THE WELL··· THE WELL!
FOR THE HANGMAN
AS THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL "MOTHER GOOSE" OPENS THE RUSTY DOOR TO THE FAMILY CRYPT..
AH, BACK AT LONG LAST!
THE MASK IS REMOVED REVEALING THAT THE PERPETRATOR OF HORROR IS UNCLE JOHN!
MY MISSION IS ALMOST ACCOMPLISHED. TWO OF THE SONS ARE DEAD!
YOU NURSED THOSE SCOUNDRELS TO MANHOOD. NURSED THEM WITH ALL THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SOUL CROONED THEM TO SLEEP WITH THE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES YOU LOVED SO WELL, AND THEY REPAID YOU BY LEAVING YOU WHEN YOU NEEDED THEM MOST!
DEAR SISTER, THE OATH I SWORE TO YOU ON YOUR DEATH BED WILL YET BE FULFILLED. THE MEMORY OF YOUR SUFFERING GIVES ME STRENGTH!
UNCLE JOHN MAKES A FERVENT VOW OVER THE COFFIN OF HIS DEAD SISTER!
ON THE NIGHT YOU DIED?. I REMEMBER ONLY TOO WELL HOW YOU CRIED FOR THE CHILDREN WHO DESERTED YOU.
WHERE ARE MY SONS? WHERE'S SIMON AND ROBIN, AND ···

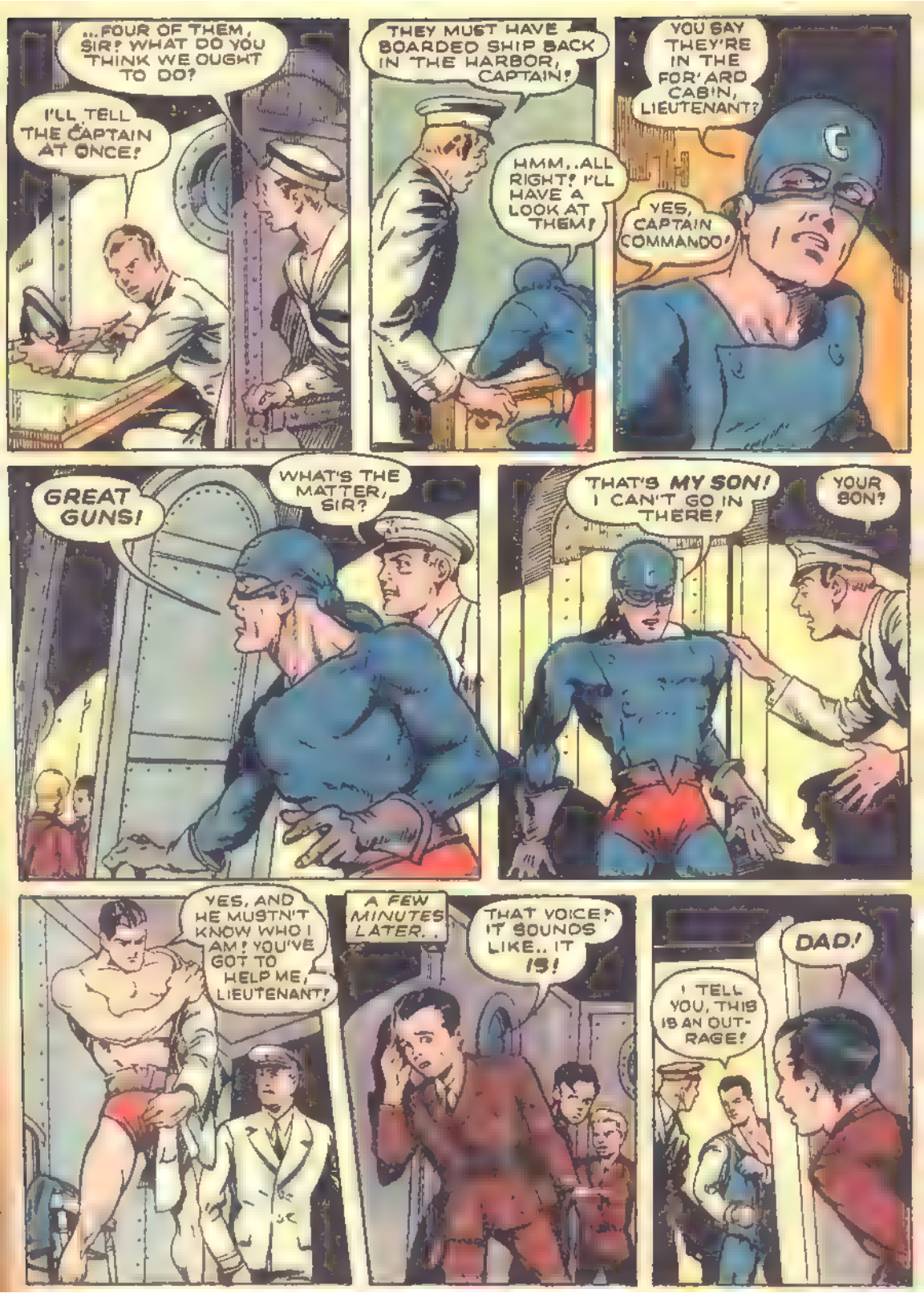
OH, MY DARLING! I'LL MAKE THOSE HEARTLESS SONS OF YOURS PAY FOR THIS!
AND NOW TO KILL THE REMAINING SON- AND MY VENGEANCE S COMPLETE!
SUDDENLY THE SELF-APPOINTED AVENGER TURNS TO FIND...
TH-THE HANGMAN!
WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT - UNCLE JOHN REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, AND...
I OVERHEARD YOU! THAT STORY WILL SEND YOU TO THE GALLOWS!
I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS EMERGENCY TOO, HANGMAN!
GOOD LORD! HE'S POISONED HIMSELF! WELL, HE ESCAPED THE HANGMAN ALL RIGHT! BUT HE DIDN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!
DEAD! AND HIS LAST RHYME MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN MOTHER GOOSE TOOK TO CRIME... AND SEALED HER DOOM WITH HER OWN RHYME!"
WELL, THAT CLOSES THE DOOR ON THE MOST GRUESOME AND BIZARRE CASE THE HANGMAN HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS

ON TO VICTORY AND FREEDOM!
I'M BILLY GRAYSON, AMERICAN!
MY NAME IS GERALD SYKES... AND ENGLAND S MY 'OME!
ARMAND DE LATOUR, A FREE FRENCHMAN!
AYE?! BAN CALLED ERIK JANGEN AVE BAN FROM NORWAY BY GAR!
THIS IS A TALE OF FOUR AVERAGE BOYS-LIKE YOU OR YOU OR YOU-SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. ALTHOUGH THEY COME FROM MANY LANDS, THEY ARE UNITED IN THEIR LOVE OF FREEDOM! AND THEIR HERO IS FREEDOM'S FOREMOST CHAMPION, THE WORLD RENOWNED FIGHTER AGAINST TYRANNY CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
GOSH! CAPTAIN COMMANDO IS PLANNING ANOTHER EXPEDITION! THE NAZIS ARE DOUBLING THEIR GARRISONS ALL ALONG THE COAST!
BLIMEY! IT MUST BE FINE TO FIGHT UNDER A MAN LIKE THAT! HE HELD OFF THOSE NAZ S AT DUNKIRK! THEY SAY HE FOUGHT LIKE A WILD MAN!

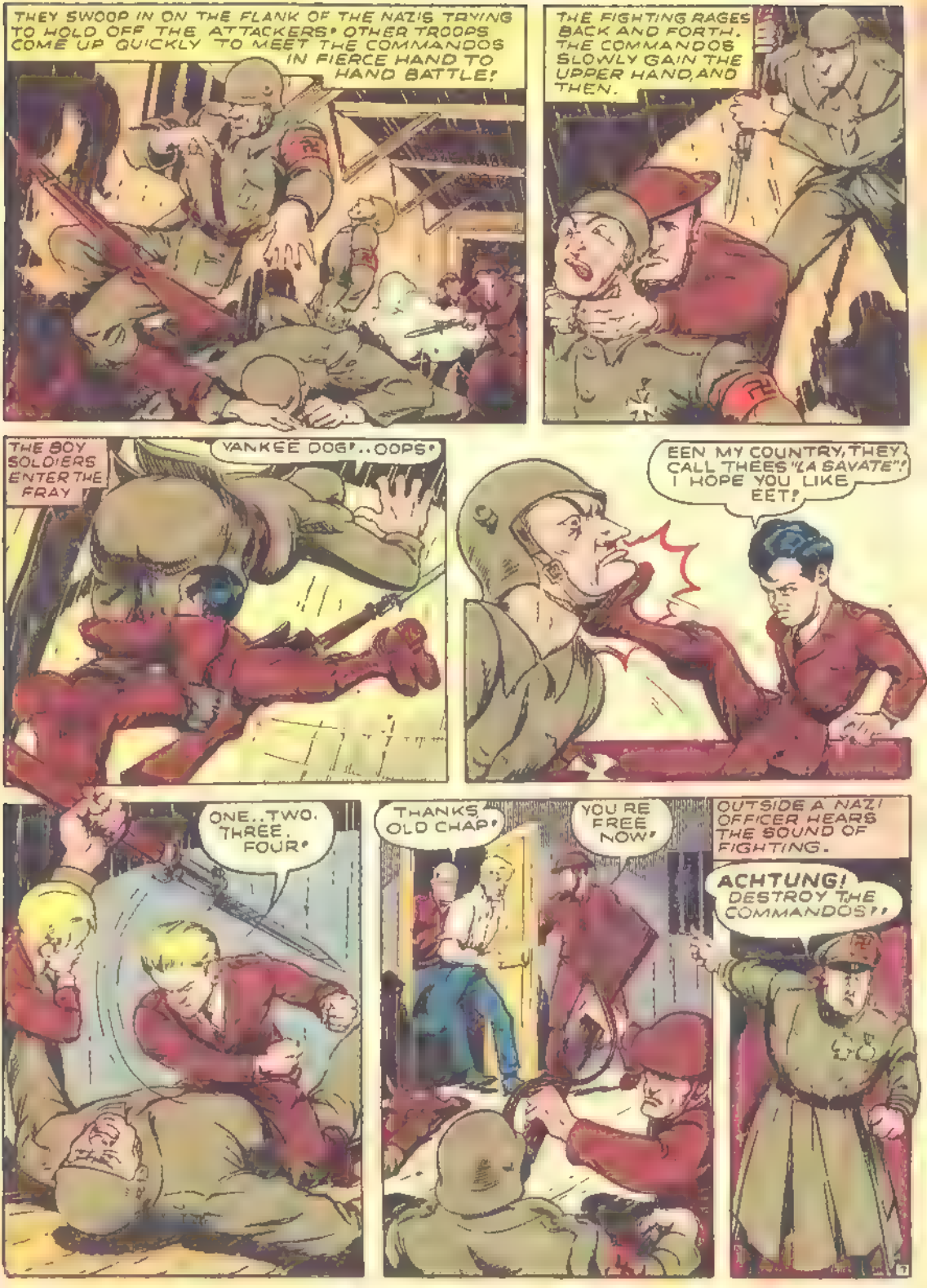
ZAT EES NATHING! AT ZE BATTLE OF SAINT NAZAIRE, HE WAS ZE ONE WHO BLEW UP THE BRIDGE ZAT SAVED MY FATHER'S REGIMENT! MY FATHER SAY HE NEVER SAW ANYONE WITH SUCH COURAGE IN ALL HEES LIFE!
ERIK THE NORWEGIAN BOY, SPEAKS UP,
AYE BAN WISHING WE COULD SERVE WITH DOSE COMMANDOS IN NORWAY, IN MY COUNTRY, THERE ARE MANY MEN WHO WOULD GIVE DERE LIVES TO FIGHT FOR CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
SAY THAT'S A JOLLY IDEA! MAYBE WE COULD JOIN UP! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY WE COULD HELP!
AS YOU ENGLISH SAY, EET EES WORTH A TRY!
SO THE FOUR AVERAGE BOYS WANT TO JOIN UP! BUT AS BILLY GRAYSON GOES HOME, HE IS WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING HE COULD NOT TELL HIS FRIENDS.
GEE! I WONDER WHAT DAD IS GOING TO SAY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?
IT'S THIS PERFECTLY HORRID WEATHER! REALLY, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN STAND IT!
ER DAD, THERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU! IT'S ABOUT JOINING UP WITH THE COMMANDOS!
I WON'T HAVE IT! I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE WHAT I THINK ABOUT FIGHTING!
AND ESPECIALLY WITH MEN LIKE THE COMMANDOS, MADMEN! NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE!
THE CRAZY LITTLE FOOL! HE'S ASHAMED OF ME! NO MATTER WHAT THE COST, I WON'T LET HIM DO IT!


SOME DAY, HE'LL KNOW THE TRUTH! THEN MAYBE HE'LL UNDERSTAND!
BUT IT'S HARD! HIS CONTEMPT FOR ME.. SOMETIMES I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK OF ANY MAN!
DAD SAYS I CAN'T GO! BUT I'M GOING ANYWAY! I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS!
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BILLY!
AT THE COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS, THE FOUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS MEET WITH A REBUFF.
WE CAN USE A NORWEGIAN BOY AS GUIDE. BUT THE REST OF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY PLACE IN A COMMANDO OUTFIT!
SAY, FELLAS, I'VE GOT A PLAN! ONCE ERIK FINDS OUT WHERE THE BOAT IS LEAVING, HE CAN HELP SMUGGLE THE REST OF US ABOARD! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?
RISKY, BUT WE'LL TRY IT!
THAT NIGHT, THE BOYS SLIP ABOARD A SLOOP RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR.
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! STAY IN HIDING UNTIL AFTER WE'RE IN THE CHANNEL!
LATER
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! BUT KEEP QUIET!
HAVE YOU SEEN CAPT COMMANDO? WHERE IS HE?
I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES! COME OUT OF THERE, YOU BRATS!


...FOUR OF THEM, SIR? WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO DO?
I'LL TELL THE CAPTAIN AT ONCE!
THEY MUST HAVE BOARDED SHIP BACK IN THE HARBOR, CAPTAIN!
HMM,..ALL RIGHT? I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!
YOU SAY THEY'RE IN THE FOR'ARD CABIN, LIEUTENANT?
YES, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
GREAT GUNS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIR?
THAT'S MY SON! I CAN'T GO IN THERE!
YOUR SON?
YES, AND HE MUSTN'T KNOW WHO I AM! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, LIEUTENANT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER..
THAT VOICE? IT SOUNDS LIKE.. IT IS!
DAD!
I TELL YOU, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

OH HELLO SON! DON'T TELL ME THEY'VE GOT YOU HERE TOO! ALL I DID WAS TAKE A BIT OF A STROLL BY THE DOCKS FOR A BREATH OF AIR! THIS HOT WEATHER, Y'KNOW... AND FIRST THING I KNEW, THESE SILLY COMMANDO FELLOWS P'CKED ME UP! THOUGHT I WAS SPYING ON THEM! CAN YOU IMAGINE?
MAYBE YOU ARE WHAT YOU SAY! I DON'T THINK THERE WERE ANY MEN LEFT WHO WEREN'T IN UNIFORM
POOR BILLY! IMAGINE HAVING A FATHER LIKE THAT!
I HATED TO DO IT! YOUR OWN SON! HE THINKS THAT YOU...!
NEVER MIND THAT! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! IMPORTANT!
BILLY, YOU CAN TAKE THIS TOO HARD!
CHEER UP, LADDIE!
CAPTAIN, YOU'VE EVEN MORE COURAGE THAN I THOUGHT YOU HAD.. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
WE'LL LAND HERE! OUR OBJECTIVES ARE TO RELEASE PRISONERS AND DESTROY OIL WELLS! ORDERS ARE THE SAME AS ALWAYS..FIGHT TO THE DEATH!
SO..IN A BLEAK DAWN, SOMEWHERE ON THE ROCKY COAST OF NORWAY..AN INTREPID BAND OF COMMANDOS COMES ASHORE! THEY SEPARATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND GRIMLY GO ABOUT PREPARING TO INVADE A CONTINENT.

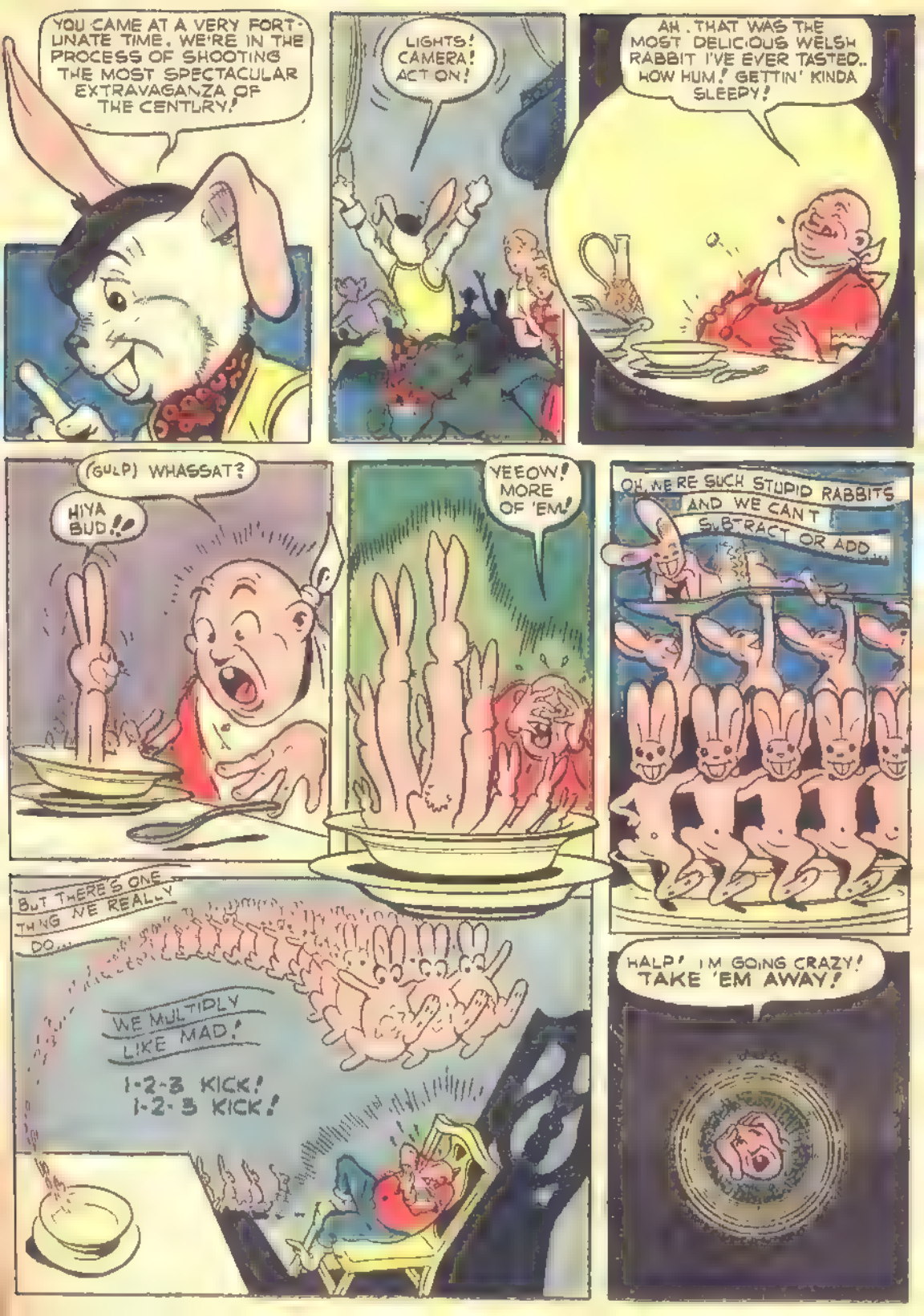
UNTO THEIR MIDST SPRINGS THE MASKED FIGURE OF THEIR LEADER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO.
FORWARD, MEN! LET THIS BE A DAY THE HUNS WILL NEVER FORGET!
OVERWHELMING THE GUARDS, ONE FORCE SWEEPS ON TOWARD THE CITY...
WHILE THE MAIN BODY POURS DOWN UPON THE NAZI HORDES DEFENDING THE PRECIOUS OIL WELLS
THIS WAY, SIR! I BAN SHOW YOU VERE DOSE GERMANS KEEP PRISONERS!
STAY HERE, CHAPPIE! I'LL TAKE CARE O' THIS SQUAREHEAD!
GOT HIM! GO GET THE REST, LADS!
GOTT IN HIMM...!
OUTSIDE, THE SENTRY ON GUARD IS DROPPED IN HIS TRACKS! THE COMMANDOS STORM INTO THE PRISON.

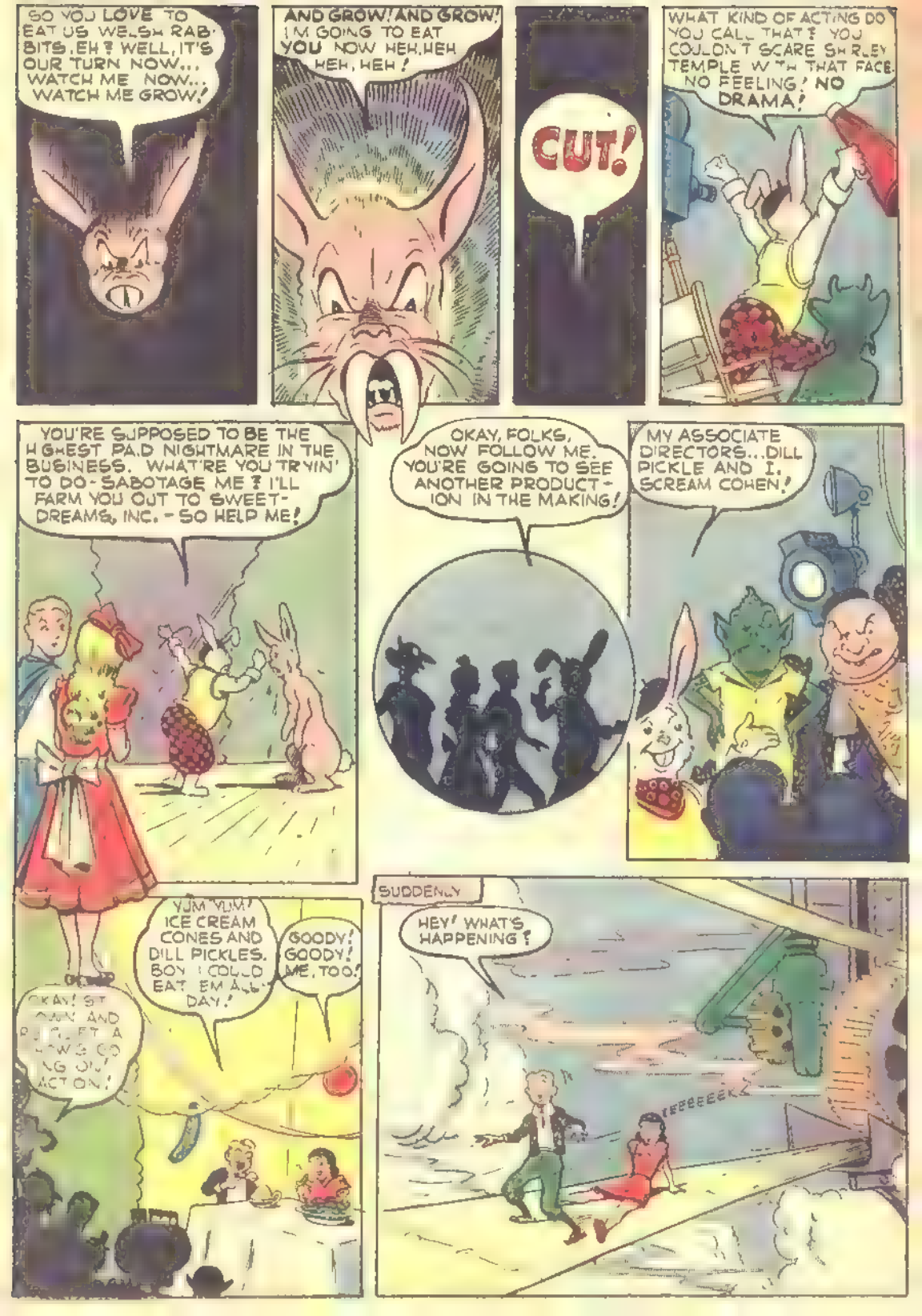

THEY SWOOP IN ON THE FLANK OF THE NAZIS TRYING TO HOLD OFF THE ATTACKERS. OTHER TROOPS COME UP QUICKLY TO MEET THE COMMANDOS IN FIERCE HAND TO HAND BATTLE!
THE FIGHTING RAGES BACK AND FORTH. THE COMMANDOS SLOWLY GAIN THE UPPER HAND, AND THEN.
THE BOY SOLDIERS ENTER THE FRAY
YANKEE DOG!..OOPS.
EEN MY COUNTRY, THEY CALL THEES "LA SAVATE"! I HOPE YOU LIKE EET!
ONE..TWO. THREE. FOUR.
THANKS OLD CHAP.
YOU RE FREE NOW.
OUTSIDE A NAZI OFFICER HEARS THE SOUND OF FIGHTING.
ACHTUNG! DESTROY THE COMMANDOS!!

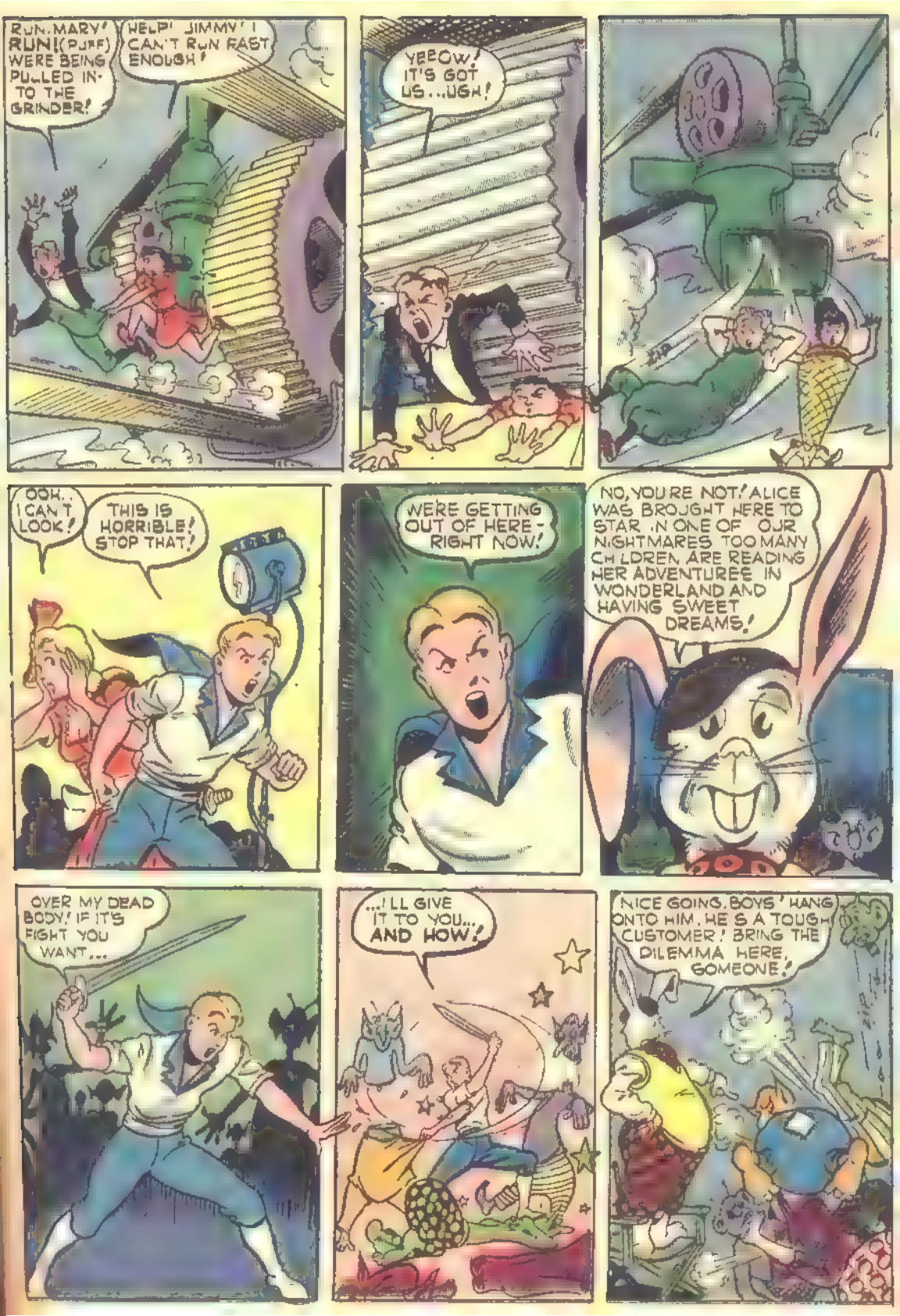
HUNS! A WHOLE ARMY OF 'EM!
GUARD THE WINDOWS, MEN! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!
A WAVE OF FIRE CUTS DOWN THE GERMANS AS THEY APPROACH...
BUT IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT THE UNEQUAL BATTLE CANNOT LAST.
WE HAVEN'T AMMUNITION ENOUGH TO HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!
IT'S UP TO YOU, MEN! DO YOU WANT US TO SURRENDER?
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO..IF ONLY CAPTAIN COMMANDO WOULD SHOW UP NOW!
AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO HIS WORDS, THERE IS A SUDDEN TUMULT OF FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE PRISON! A SUDDEN YELL RISES
CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S DARING ASSAULT WITH THE MAIN BODY OF TROOPS SENDS THE NAZIS ROLLING BACK. CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED, THE COMMANDOS RETREAT TOWARD THE BEACH.....
WE'RE SAFE NOW! AND OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED!
THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!
BY GAR! I SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO CAPTAIN COMMANDO IS!
EXCUSE ME, FELLOWS, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
OH, ER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO, COULD I TALK TO YOU A MINUTE?
I'M PRETTY BUSY!
TOO BUSY EVEN TO TALK TO ME, DAD?
YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
DID YOU THINK I COULDN'T TELL MY OWN FATHER? I'D KNOW YOU IN ANY KIND OF DISGUISE!
SON, I HAD TO KEEP IT A SECRET! AND NOW YOU MUST HELP BY NEVER TELLING ANYONE WHAT YOU KNOW!
YOU CAN TRUST ME, DAD!
THERE'S A LONG HARD FIGHT AHEAD OF US! WE MUST NEVER LET OUR ENEMIES KNOW ANY MORE THAN WE CAN HELP!
GOLLY! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! I WISH THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW YOU'RE MY DAD!
AND SO, REUNITED AGAIN, FATHER AND SON WATCH THE LAND FADE AWAY IN THE DISTANCE BEHIND THEM, AS THE SLOOP SETS ITS COURSE TO THE WEST.. AND ENGLAND...
HAVE YOU JOINED THE BOY SOLDIERS OF AMERICA, YET? LOOK FOR THE COUPON IN THIS BOOK AND FILL IT OUT AT ONCE!

DANNY
ZIP
IN THE LAST ISSUE, DANNY AND HIS NEW FOUND FRIEND ALICE WERE KIDNAPPED FROM WONDERLAND TO THE LAND OF NIGHTMARES! KUPPIE AND SNAPPER IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED!
SOUND STAGE 2
WHO ARE YOU AND WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?
I AM WELSH RABBIT DIRECTOR EXTRAORDINARY OF THE STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, GIGANTIC PRODUCTIONS OF NIGHTMARES, INC.
IN FACT, WE'RE PRETTY GOOD!
QUITE


YOU CAME AT A VERY FORTUNATE TIME. WE'RE IN THE PROCESS OF SHOOTING THE MOST SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE CENTURY!
LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACT ON!
AH. THAT WAS THE MOST DELICIOUS WELSH RABBIT I'VE EVER TASTED.. HOW HUM! GETTIN' KINDA SLEEPY!
(GULP) WHASSAT?
HIYA BUD!!
YEEOW! MORE OF 'EM!
OH, WE'RE SUCH STUPID RABBITS AND WE CAN'T SUBTRACT OR ADD...
BUT THERE'S ONE THING WE REALLY DO...
WE MULTIPLY LIKE MAD!
1-2-3 KICK! 1-2-3 KICK!
HALP! I'M GOING CRAZY! TAKE 'EM AWAY!

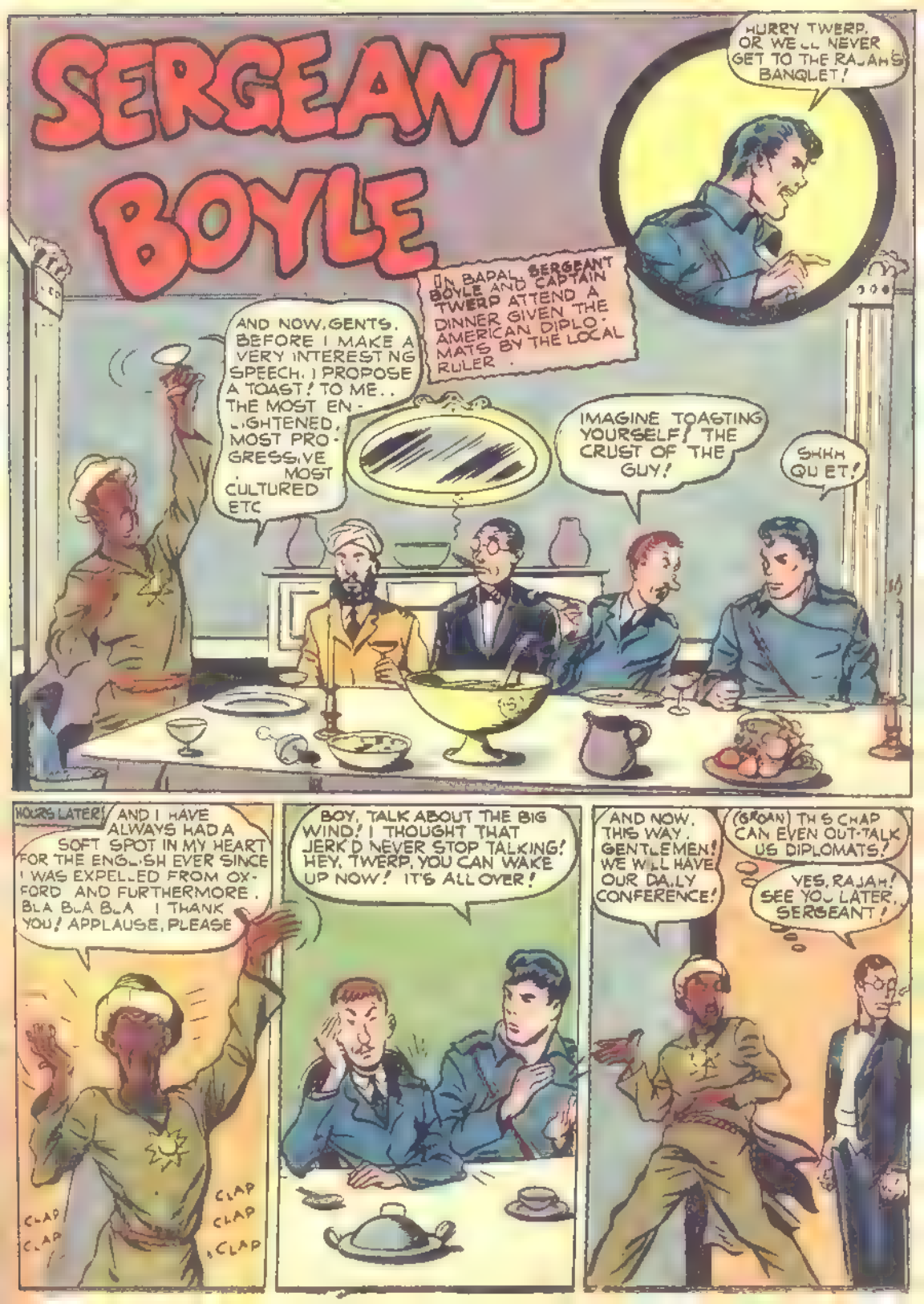

SO YOU LOVE TO EAT US WELSH RABBITS, EH? WELL, IT'S OUR TURN NOW... WATCH ME NOW... WATCH ME GROW!
AND GROW! AND GROW! I'M GOING TO EAT YOU NOW HEH, HEH HEH, HEH!
CUT!
WHAT KIND OF ACTING DO YOU CALL THAT? YOU COULDN'T SCARE SHIRLEY TEMPLE WITH THAT FACE. NO FEELING! NO DRAMA!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE HIGHEST PAID NIGHTMARE IN THE BUSINESS. WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO DO - SABOTAGE ME? I'LL FARM YOU OUT TO SWEET-DREAMS, INC. - SO HELP ME!
OKAY, FOLKS, NOW FOLLOW ME. YOU'RE GOING TO SEE ANOTHER PRODUCT-ION IN THE MAKING!
MY ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS... DILL PICKLE AND I, SCREAM COHEN!
YUM YUM! ICE CREAM CONES AND DILL PICKLES. BOY! COULD EAT 'EM ALL DAY!
GOODY! GOODY! ME, TOO!
OKAY! ST[illegible] AND P[illegible] LET A [illegible] GO ON ACTION!
SUDDENLY
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
EEEEEEEKK


RUN, MARY! RUN! (PUFF) WE'RE BEING PULLED IN TO THE GRINDER!
HELP! JIMMY! I CAN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH!
YEEOW! IT'S GOT US...UGH!
OOH.. I CAN'T LOOK!
THIS IS HORRIBLE! STOP THAT!
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE - RIGHT NOW!
NO, YOU'RE NOT! ALICE WAS BROUGHT HERE TO STAR IN ONE OF OUR NIGHTMARES TOO MANY CHILDREN ARE READING HER ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND AND HAVING SWEET DREAMS!
OVER MY DEAD BODY! IF IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT...
...I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU... AND HOW!
NICE GOING, BOYS! HANG ONTO HIM. HE'S A TOUGH CUSTOMER! BRING THE DILEMMA HERE, SOMEONE!

GOTCHA ON THE HORNS OF A D LEMMA NOW. ONLY WAY YOU CAN FREE YOURSELF IS BY ANSWER· ING A RIDDLE!
HE'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT WHY A CAT HAS NINE TAILS AND UNLESS YOU DO AS WE SAY, THAT DILEMMA'LL GORE HIM TO DEATH!
ALL. ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT!
AS ALICE ENACTS HER HOR· RIBLE ROLE, OUR SCENE CHANGES AND WE SEE...
BAW LEMME OUTTA HERE WILL YA?
QUIET JUNIOR!
NUTS! ONLY THING I HATE AS BAD AS BATHS S EATIN SPINACH!
GOLLY, "ALICE IN WONDER· LAND" IS SURE A KEEN BOOK!
THAT'S ENOUGH READING FOR TO· NIGHT, DEAR. SWEET DREAMS!
G'N GHT MOMMY!
GULP! IT'S ALICE!
HELLO, JUNIOR I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO THE LAND OF SWEET DREAMS!
HERE WE ARE!
NICE GOING ALICE! WE GOT HIM NOW!
INTO THE BATH TUB WITH YOU!
HEE HEE HEE HEE!
5

YE-E-OW! LEMME OUTTA HERE.. BAW! WAW!
STOP THAT HOWLING, YOU BRAT!
I'LL CLOSE HIS MOUTH FOR HIM!
YOU HATE SPINACH AS MUCH AS BATHS DON'T YOU?
SPINACH
MEANWHILE
SEE IF ONLY I COULD FIGURE OUT THAT CAT RIDDLE HEY, I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER!
NO CAT HAS EIGHT TAILS! AND ONE CAT HAS ONE TAIL MORE THAN "NO CAT"... THEREFORE ONE CAT HAS NINE TAILS!
CURSES! HE'S RIGHT!
BOO HOO! EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME. I NEVER HAVE ANY FUN!
STOP THAT ACTING, ALICE! I'M FREE NOW!
DANNY!
HANG ON, ALICE! HERE WE GO!
WHEE! OUT OF MY WAY GOONS!
HEY DANNY, GET US OUTTA THIS THING!
ZIP

CRASH
COME ON! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!
OOPS! THE FILM'S CAUGHT ON ME.. CAN'T STOP TO FIX IT NOW!
WE'RE SAFE NOW! WE'VE CROSSED THE BORDER LINE INTO THE LAND OF SWEET DREAMS!
NIGHT SWEET MARES' DREAMS
YAH! THOUGHT YOU COULD CATCH US, YOU DOPE!
HEY! THAT FILM GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I'LL PUT A MATCH TO IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
PFFT
SHADES OF CAESAR! STOP THAT FIRE! IF IT EVER HITS ALL THAT FILM LYING AROUND IN OUR STUDIOS, IT'LL..
OOOH I CAN'T LOOK
BOOM
OH, DANNY, I'M SO GLAD! MY ADVENTURES WON'T GIVE ANYBODY ANY MORE NIGHTMARES!
SIGH


SERGEANT BOYLE
HURRY TWERP, OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE RAJAH'S BANQUET!
IN BADAL, SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN TWERP ATTEND A DINNER GIVEN THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATS BY THE LOCAL RULER.
AND NOW, GENTS, BEFORE I MAKE A VERY INTERESTING SPEECH, I PROPOSE A TOAST! TO ME.. THE MOST ENLIGHTENED, MOST PROGRESSIVE, MOST CULTURED ETC
IMAGINE TOASTING YOURSELF! THE CRUST OF THE GUY!
SHHH QUIET!
HOURS LATER/ AND I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR THE ENGLISH EVER SINCE I WAS EXPELLED FROM OXFORD AND FURTHERMORE. BLA BLA BLA I THANK YOU! APPLAUSE, PLEASE
CLAP CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP CLAP
BOY, TALK ABOUT THE BIG WIND! I THOUGHT THAT JERK'D NEVER STOP TALKING! HEY, TWERP, YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW! IT'S ALL OVER!
AND NOW, THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN! WE WILL HAVE OUR DAILY CONFERENCE!
(GROAN) THIS CHAP CAN EVEN OUT-TALK US DIPLOMATS!
YES, RAJAH! SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT!

PHOOEY! WE WOULD GET STUCK ESCORTING AN ENGLISH DIPLOMAT... NOTHING TO DO BUT LISTEN TO A JERKY RAJAH AND EAT BAD FOOD!
EVEN THIS LAYOUT IS SCREWY! AN ENGLISH CASTLE STUCK HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!
YEAH BUT THIS RAJAH MUST SWING A LOT O WEIGHT WITH THE MOSLEMS!
MAYBE! THEY'RE SURE KOWTOWING TO HIM PLENTY. SAY! WHAT'S THAT?
I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMEBODY SKULK INTO THE CASTLE!
YOU'VE BEEN SEE-N NOTHING BUT JAP SPIES SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE!
PLING
PLING
RELAX WILL YA, BOYLE? YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF NERVES! HERE I'LL PLAY YOU SOME SOOTHING MUSIC ON MY JEW'S-HARP!
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN?
MAWA NEHRU!
COME BACK WITH MY HARP YOU BRAT!

NOW WHERE D HE GO? OH OH! HE'S BEHIND THAT SHRUBBERY!
d PUNK PUNK
HEY! WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU [illegible]!
SO BOYLE WAS RIGHT THERE ARE JAP SPIES AROUND HERE SCRAM, KID. I'LL FIX 'EM!
BOYLE! OH BOYLE!
TWERP'S VOICE! WHAT'S HE GOTTEN INTO NOW?
EA EASY WITH THAT KNIFE MISTER! Y-YOU'LL HURT SOMEBODY!
HERE'S A HUBBELL SPECIAL FOR YOU NIPPE!
BONG
OOH M AFRAID TO LOOK AM BLEEDIN MUCH BOYLE!
OPEN YOUR EYES, DOPE YOU'RE NOT EVEN SCRATCHED WHAT HAPPENED? WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
SO!.. NO JAPS AROUND HERE, HUH? I SUPPOSE THIS IS GENERAL MACARTHUR!

BANG! BANG!
HOLY CROCKEYE! MORE TROUBLE C'MON TWERP!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE JAP?
THE HECK WITH THE JAP! LET'S SEE WHAT THE SHOOTING'S ABOUT!
BANG BANG!
MAJOR CARSON, WHO ARE YOU SHOOTING AT?
A JAP SPY! HE THREW A KNIFE THROUGH THE WINDOW AND HIT THE RAJAH!
CAESAR'S GHOST! HE'S DEAD! BOY, IS THIS A MESS!
BUT THEY SURELY WON'T THINK I DID IT!
WHEN THESE MOSLEMS SEE THEIR KING DEAD, THEY WON'T STOP TO THINK MAJOR
JUST THEN, GUARDS ATTRACTED BY THE SHOOTING ENTER, AND..
MALA! RAJAH MALA!
OH OH, HERE IT COMES MAJOR! EASY WITH THAT TOAD-STICKER FELLA!
KANDU! KANDU!
SOCK
WELL, THIS IS NO TIME FOR DIPLOMACY! SORRY, PAL. YOU ASKED FOR IT!

WAMBA!
RUN. THE WHOLE CASTLE LL BE ON OUR NECKS SOON!
?
?
SWISH
HALT
BANG
BANG
UGH!
THEY GOT THE MAJOR!
BOYLE! WE RE TRAPPED! WE ... BE SHOT DOWN LKE DOGS!
HEY! IS THAT WALL MOVING OR AM I SEEING THINGS?
PSST!
IT S THAT K D WHO SW PED MY JEW S-HARP! HEY LEMME IN!
WHY YOU MURDEROUS BRAT! TRY TO KEEP ME OUT, WILL YA? ... I'LL ..
EASY TWERP!
I CAN'T SAVVY HIS LINGO. BUT FROM ALL APPEAR ANCES HE S TRY-ING TO LEAD US TO SAFETY!

OKAY, SONNY, WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE. YOU CAN GO ON BACK HOME IF YOU WANT!
MALA!
NOT BEFORE I GET MY HARP BACK FROM THE LITTLE CROOK!
QUIET BOTH OF YOU SOMEONE'S COMING DUCK INTO THE UNDERBRUSH -- AND PRONTO!
I'LL BE JAP TROOPS WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN THESE FORESTS?
HPPFF
ARE WE IN FOR IT NOW! MOSLEMS BEHIND US AND JAPS IN FRONT OF US HEY! THAT HOLLOW LOG! THAT MIGHT BE OUR OUT!
THIS IS AN OLD INDIAN TRICK THE CURRENT'LL CARRY US RIGHT PAST 'EM. KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!
AMERICANS MUST FOLLOW RIVER TO ESCAPE! WE CATCH BOY SOON AND AMERICAN PIGS WITH HIM!
YES, EXCELLENCY THEY CAN'T ESCAPE US!
CUT OUT TICKLING ME YOU LITTLE RUNT! I'LL BREAK YOUR [illegible] NECK!
?
G GULP! IT IT'S AN ALLIGATOR!

E-E-E YOW!
?
SWIM FOR IT WITH THE KID, TWERP!
IS THE AMERICANS! SHOOT THE DOGS!
HE GOT THE ALLIGATOR! THANKS FOR THE HELPING HAND NIP NIP!
BANG
BANG
WE'LL HAVE TO DUCK INTO THE FOR ST AND TAKE OUR CHANCES OF FIND NG OUR WAY OUT!
(PUFF-PUFF) NO SIGN OF THE JAPS! WE MUST HAVE LOST 'EM!
I HOPE!
SAY THAT'S A NASTY LAC-ERAT'ION YOU'VE GOT THERE ALLIGATOR, EH?
HA HA! TOO BAD!
THE KID CAN'T WALK AND ONE OF THOSE BULLETS GOT ME IN THE ARM SO IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IT!
HEY! NOW WAIT A M NUTE, SARGE!
GUIDED BY THE YOUNGSTER, THE TRIO AT LAST, AFTER LONG, WEARY MARCHING LOCATE THE ENGLISH GARRISON..
AND SO, SIR, OUR MISSION TO LINE THE MOSLEMS UP ON OUR SIDE IN EVENT OF INVASION, SEEMS TO HAVE COLLAPSED! THE JAPS ARE ALREADY THERE IN FULL FORCE, AND...
BOYLE (GASP) HOW MANY MONTHS HAVE WE (WHEEZE) BEEN WALKIN' ALREADY?
WITH THE RAJAH DEAD
WHAT IS THAT INFERNAL RACKET?
GET AWAY, I TELL YA G WAN BEAT IT!

HAVEN'T YOU GIVEN ME TROUBLE ENOUGH ALREADY? NOW STOP FOLLOWIN ME AROUND! G'WAN. LOSE YOUR SELF!
GREAT GLORY, BOYLE! THAT BOY OUT THERE IS HE THE ONE YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT?
EGAD, MAN. YOU'VE BROUGHT BACK THE RAJAH'S SON!
HUH?
GREETINGS, OH GREAT AND NOBLE RULER! MAY I OFFER MY SYMPATHIES ON YOUR FATHER'S UNTIMELY END?
AT LAST THERE IS ONE WHO CAN SPEAK MY LANGUAGE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL MY AMERICAN FRIENDS WHO I AM AND WHY I ESCAPED WITH THEM! I KNEW THE JAPANESE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IF I STAYED.... JUST AS THEY DID MY FATHER!
OF COURSE! AND YOU MAY DEPEND ON HIS MAJESTY'S FULLEST PROTECTION! WE SHALL ESCORT YOU BACK TO YOUR TRIBE IMMEDIATELY!
THANK YOU. AND GENERAL. PSST PSST
OH, HE DID, DID HE?
ABOUT THAT JEWSHARP, GENERAL. THE KID ER THE RAJAH
CONGRATULATIONS, TWERP. THE RAJAH TOLD ME ABOUT
NEXT DAY.
SURE. I KNEW WHO HE WUZ! THAT'S WHY I CARRIED HIM!
NEXT MONTH SERGEANT BOYLE GETS HIS FIRST FURLOUGH OF THE WAR AND MEETS AN OLD SIDEKICK! MAYBE YOU CAN GUESS WHO! OR CAN'T YOU? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.. BETTER NOT MISS IT!

STATION D-E-A-T-H BROADCASTING

A HANGMAN STORY

THELMA'S voice stopped suddenly, and Bob Dickering smiled with amusement. He had watched hundreds of radio broadcasts in the past and he had long ago lost the excitement which fills you when the "ON THE AIR" sign flashes its red gleam across the stage. But this was Thelma's first visit, and she was greatly impressed.

And then, suddenly, Bob stopped smiling and his lean face took on an appearance of grim interest. Something was terribly wrong.

Up on the stage, Michael Lord, popular singer, had been going thru his famous routine . . . clutching the microphone in his peculiar fashion and warbling a love song. But now the words caught in his throat, and he clutched the microphone even tighter. Then he slumped forward, his face hideous.

Bob stared at the face and knew its meaning. It was the look of death!

A great sound of terror welled through the crowd. Even as Jackson Bass, the show's engineer and Lord's best friend, rushed out of his booth and screamed, "Is a doctor present?" a man pushed up on the stage and announced that he was a medico. Bob walked right behind him, his grim eyes examining Lord's inert form closely.

A moment later the doctor had completed the examination. "I'm sorry, he told Bass, "Michael Lord is dead."

Bass groaned, and covered his rather plump face with his hands. "How—how did he die?" he asked.

"Heart attack, I should say," replied the doctor. "There are no visible marks on him, and no symptoms such as would be produced by poison."

Bass turned and looked at the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, Lord was my friend, and I—I—" His voice broke. "The program has naturally been cut off the air. Will you all please leave!"

He turned on his heels, and walked into his office back of the stage. Loudly the door slammed and there was a click of a lock.

As Bob and Thelma walked out of the side entrance of the studio, Bob's face was set, certain. "Thel, that doctor was wrong," Bob said. "There *was* a mark on Lord . . . a small electrical burn on his hand, so small that the doctor probably missed it."

Thelma said, excitedly, "What does it mean?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," Bob said, grimly. "Lord didn't die of heart failure—I was with him when he was examined at my gym last week, and his heart was perfect. Thelma, I think this is a case for the Hangman!"

The studio theatre was cold and black as the hooded figure of the Hangman dropped from an open window and moved silently up the empty aisles. Suddenly he stopped, stood rigid.

Someone was playing a flashlight onto the stage; centering a finger of light on the microphone!

The Hangman stepped closer, and saw, to his amazement, that it was Jackson Bass, the engineer. Bass' hands, swathed in a pair of rubber gloves, were working a pair of cutting pliers, easily and familiarly clipping wires from around the microphone.

The Hangman leaped onto the stage, so that the beam of the flashlight played on his figure. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Bass was startled into conversation. "Ch-checking up," he mumbled. "I'm trying to see if I can find some clue to help me discover who killed my best friend." He paused, abruptly. "Who are you?"

"I am the Hangman! Look—behind you!"

Bass swerved, and his face contorted with horror. "The shadow of a noose!" he whispered.

"It is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman, his voice cold, steel-like. "You killed your best friend! As the engineer, you were the only one who had the opportunity. You knew Lord's habit of clutching the microphone and you wired the mike—so that when he clutched it tonight you sent a burst of electricity through and killed him!"

Bass, his lips white, said nothing.

"The noose is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman again. "You shall walk up thirteen steps to the coil of rope waiting to break your neck. A black hood shall fit over your face, blotting out your eyes—the rope tightens, tighter, tighter . . ."

Bass shrieked, a horrible sound which echoed and reverberated through the place. He stepped back, wildly. "Sure I did it," he said. "Lord caught me stealing the producer's blank checks to pay off gambling debts, and he threatened to tell." Bass moved to the edge of the stage, and flicked a switch. "This is the switch that turned on the juice. . . . Sure I did it, but you'll never tell!" He clawed into his pocket, pulled out a revolver and fired.

Catlike, the Hangman dropped to the side. The bullet bit into the wall. Then he leaped and caught Bass' gun hand.

For minutes, the two fought for possession of the gun; finally it dropped to the floor. Hangman leaped forward and hit Bass twice, hard.

Bass gave up the fight. He darted past the Hangman and started to leap off the stage . . . when his foot collided with the revolver on the floor.

His eyes bulged with terror as he slid, and he opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came out. Then he crashed against the microphone and stiffened as thousands of volts of electricity shot through his body.

Jackson Bass, murderer, had died in the trap he himself had devised!

THESE ARE THE BOYS WHO ARE GIVING THEIR ALL TO KEEP THE AMERICAN STORY FROM BECOMING A LEGEND.. KEEPING IT ETERNALLY ALIVE.... THE AMERICAN SOLDIER ON THE FIGHTING FRONT!
AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU CAN KEEP IT ALIVE. JOIN THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" ON THE HOME FRONT. KEEP THIS BOOK FILLED. DO IT NOW!
Flop!
U.S. POST OFF

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BUY WAR STAMPS THEN FILL OUT THE PLEDGE BELOW AND MAIL IT TO **PEP** *comics* - % THE SHIELD AND DUSTY - 60 HUDSON ST. (RM. 315) N.Y.C. - WE WILL PRINT YOUR NAME ON "THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" PAGE..... EVERY ISSUE OF **PEP** *comics* FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"....

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

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YOU MAY COPY THIS PLEDGE ON A POSTCARD AND MAIL THAT INSTEAD.

GOD'S WRIST WATCH

A SERGEANT BOYLE STORY

IT WAS only an hour since they'd started out, but it felt like a month. Every ten minutes Boyle looked at his watch, then at Twerp's watch, and then he cursed because only ten minutes had passed since the last time he'd looked at the watches. It was still so blasted long till nightfall.

They were on a reconnoitering tour, just looking around, and with the sun blasting down and cooking them, the cool night seemed to be the only thing worth looking for.

Boyle was about to look at his watch again, and curse again, when he saw the river. It was one of those fast-running streams which end in falls, the kind you come across deep in the jungles of Africa. He clutched Twerp's shoulder and did a half-dance.

"Off with your clothes, old boy," he shouted. "There's the answer to our prayers."

Within a minute, their clothes were lying back of the river, their watches were in a hollow tree, safe from the trample of the numerous small animals which lived in the neighborhood, and they were swimming happily in the cool water. They were so pleased with their new-found coolness that they didn't notice an extra-large wave pick up their clothes and carry it thru the river over the falls.

Two hours later, Boyle suddenly shouted, "Okay, Twerp! Fun's fun, but we've got serious work to finish. Let's go."

They swam onto the shore and walked back to where they'd left their uniforms. That was when they discovered that their clothes were gone with the wave.

Boyle retrieved the watches from the hollow tree and groaned. "Look, Twerp," he said. "These jungles seem pretty much deserted, but you never can tell. We can't walk around like this. Take a gander and see if you can find some big shrub leaves."

Almost immediately, Twerp was back, whooping wildly. "A man with my brains doesn't need shrub leaves," he said, boastfully. "Look what *I* found!" He was clutching two long green robes, made of a material which was fine and faintly silky.

Boyle stared with interest at the costumes. "*Where did you get these?*" he asked.

Twerp blinked his eyelids innocently. "Oh, I just came across an empty hut a few feet into the forest. These were in there, so I just—sort of—did some swiping."

Boyle leaped at him, and spun him about face. "You just bring these back where you got them from. These are ceremonial gowns, and we'll have a tribe on our necks in a minute . . ." He stopped. "What's the matter?"

Twerp's eyes had grown large as saucers and his face was faintly blue.

"B-Boyle," said Twerp, quaking. "Look behind you."

Boyle wheeled. Approximately three hundred savages, well painted, were standing in back of him. Their spears were upraised, and they were obviously not in a good humor.

One savage, even more painted up than the others, said then, "Give back gowns." He said it in a back-jungle African dialect with which Boyle was well familiar.

Boyle smiled in an attempt at friendliness while the savage stared woodenly at him. "Sure," said Boyle, "sure. No harm intended." He handed back the gowns.

The savage snatched the gowns, clutched them to him. "You will now die. No man outside the tribe doctors may touch these." He turned his head back to the 299 other savages to issue the order.

"W-wait," said Twerp, who also understood the dialect. "I'm too young to die."

The savage smiled mirthlessly. He raised his hand to give the signal.

Boyle had been thinking fast. "STOP!" he said, in a voice of thunder. "We are gods! Would you kill your gods?"

"Why fear?" said the savage, cunningly. "Gods cannot die of a spear wound."

"You are wrong," said Boyle. "We have taken human form to visit you, and so we can die. Cannot you see that we are gods? We are not your color, not one of you, and yet we understand your language. How could we do this if we are not gods?"

Puzzlement spread over the savage's face. "It may be so," he said. A smile worked onto his features. "It must be so." The smile broadened. "It *is* so. Come, we will have great feasting."

Boyle thought fast again. He had to get away. These savages might change their minds again suddenly, and he wasn't willing to take the chance. He would try one last trick.

"No," he said. "We were called back by the higher gods just as we reached earth. The time to visit you is not yet."

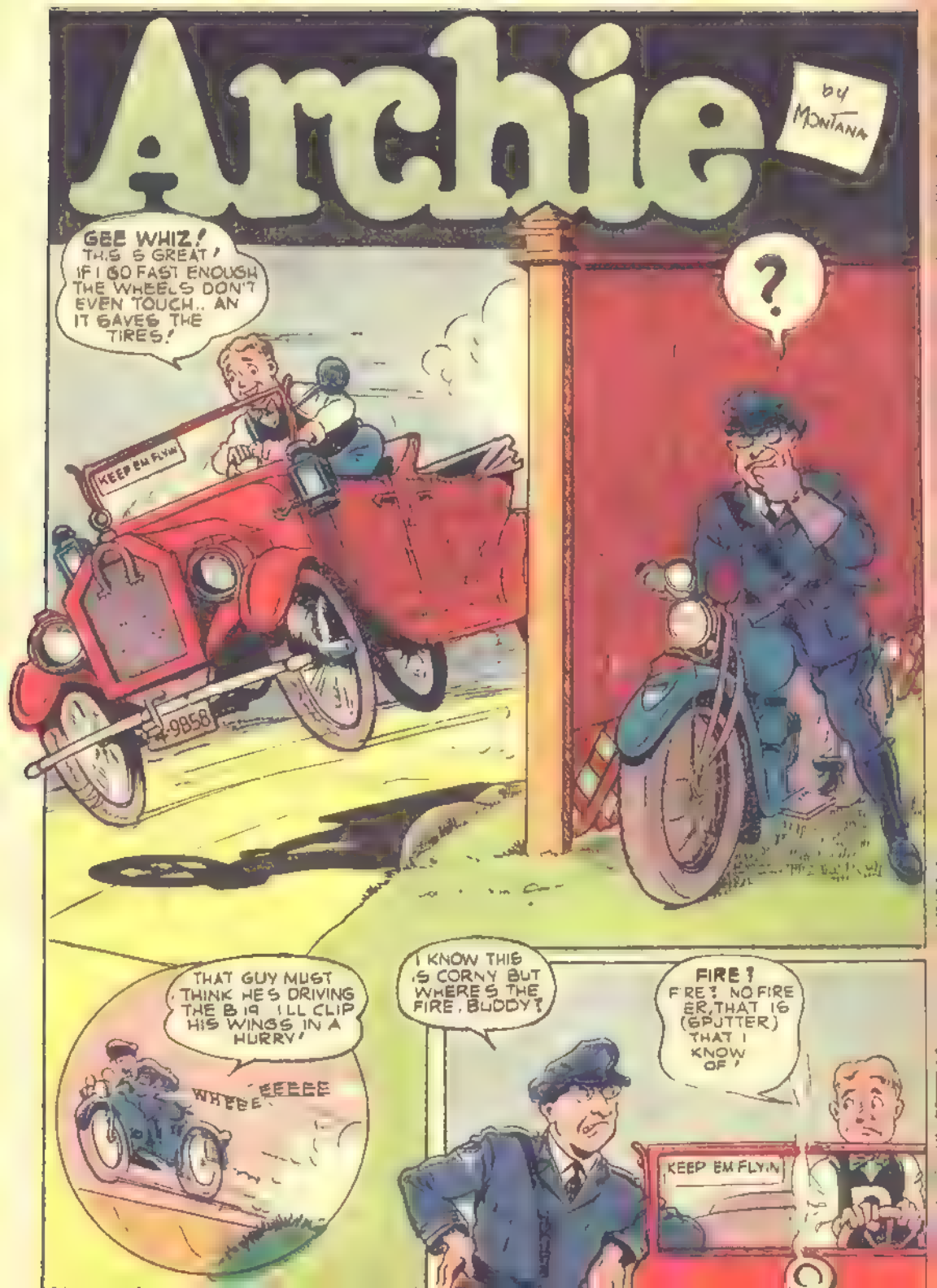
The savage's smile turned into a frown. "You lie," he said. "There are no higher and no lower gods in our religion; all are alike. You are a mortal."

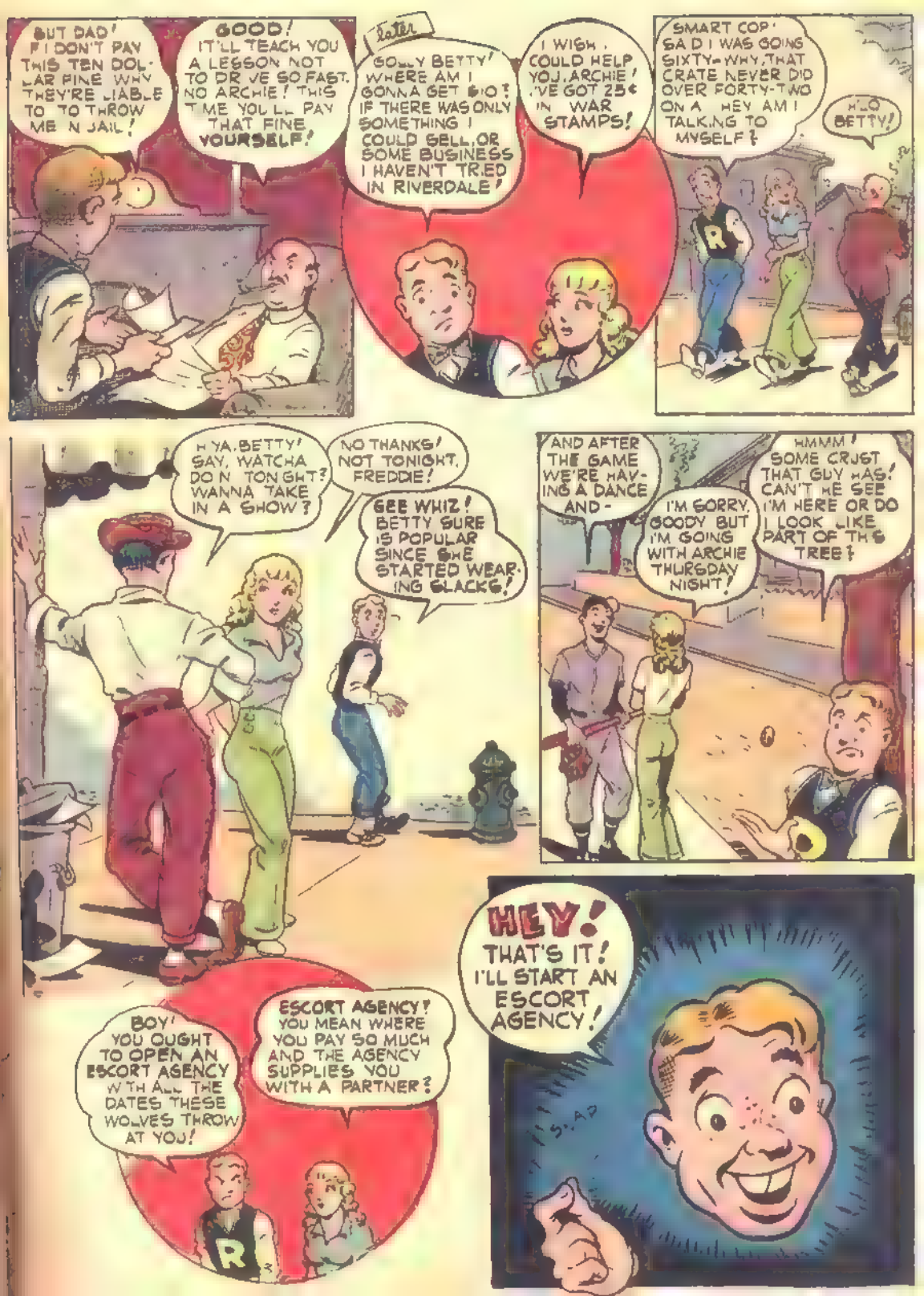
Sweat stood out on Boyle's forehead. "We must go. I shall prove to you that we are gods and then you must let us go. Observe. We are alive, is it not so?"

"It is so."

"You hear my heart beat, and you know that I am alive. Now I must have my heart, for in my human form I cannot live otherwise. But you are my people and to prove my godhood . . . *I will leave you the beat of my heart!*"

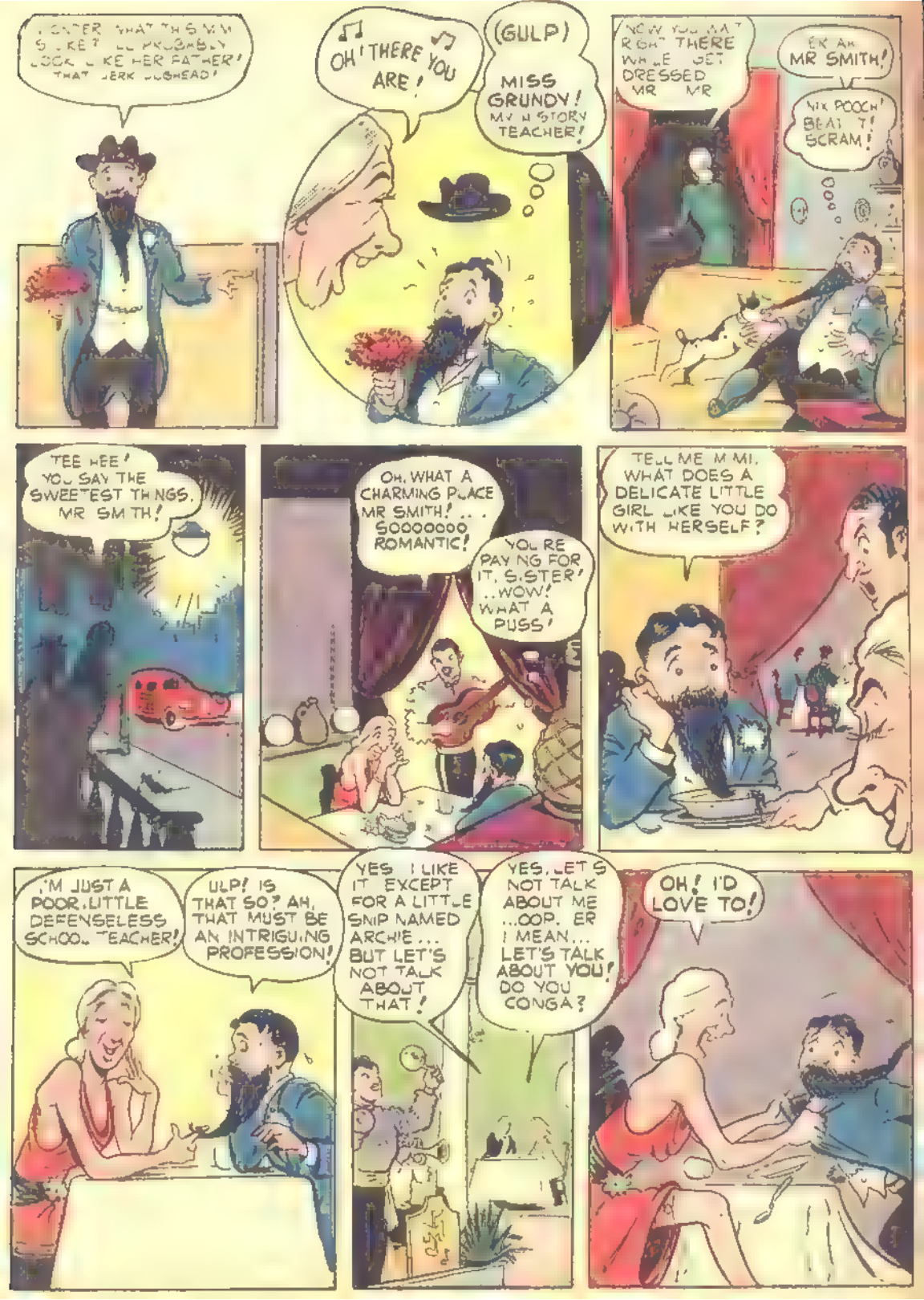
And before the savage's startled eyes, he produced his watch and held it so that the loud tick tock hit steadily against the savage's ear. Then, pausing only to select six large leaves from a nearby shrub, he took Twerp's arm and walked blithely away.

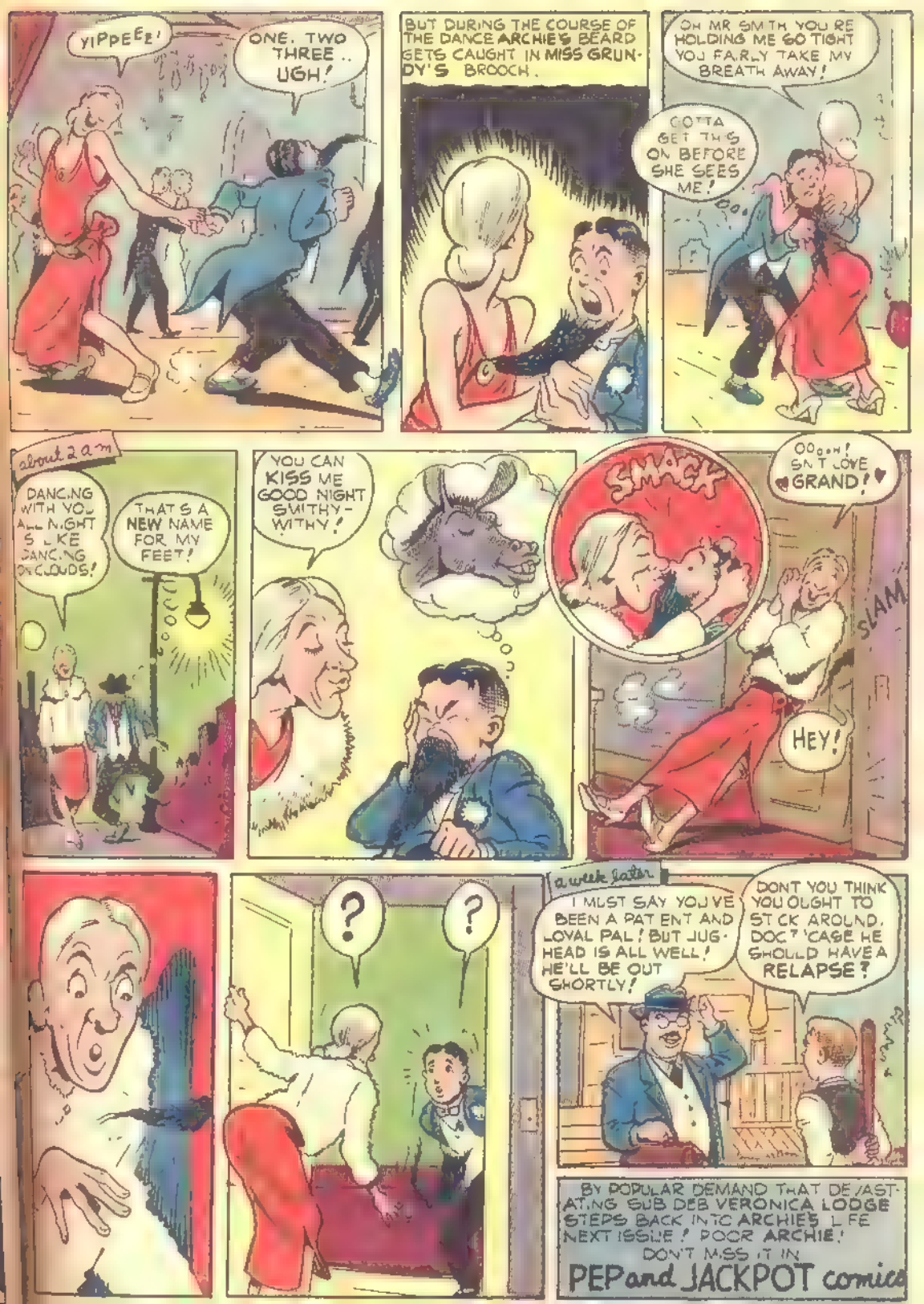

Archie
by MONTANA
GEE WHIZ! TH.S S GREAT! IF I GO FAST ENOUSH THE WHEEL.S DON'T EVEN TOUCH.. AN IT GAVES THE TIRES!
KEEP EM FLYIN
?
THAT GUY MUST THINK HE.S DRIVING THE B.19 I'LL CLIP HIS WINGS IN A HURRY!
WHEEE EEEEE
I KNOW THIS .S CORNY BUT WHERE.S THE FIRE, BUDDY?
FIRE! F.RE? NO FIRE ER, THAT IS (SPUTTER) THAT I KNOW OF!
KEEP EM FLYIN


BUT DAD! IF I DON'T PAY THIS TEN DOLLAR FINE WHY THEY'RE LIABLE TO TO THROW ME IN JAIL!
GOOD! IT'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON NOT TO DRIVE SO FAST. NO ARCHIE! THIS TIME YOU'LL PAY THAT FINE YOURSELF!
later
GOLLY BETTY! WHERE AM I GONNA GET $10? IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING I COULD SELL, OR SOME BUSINESS I HAVEN'T TRIED IN RIVERDALE!
I WISH I COULD HELP YOU, ARCHIE! I'VE GOT 25¢ IN WAR STAMPS!
SMART COP! SAID I WAS GOING SIXTY-WHY, THAT CRATE NEVER DID OVER FORTY-TWO ON A HEY AM I TALKING TO MYSELF?
HI'LO BETTY!
HI YA, BETTY! SAY, WATCHA DOIN TONIGHT? WANNA TAKE IN A SHOW?
NO THANKS! NOT TONIGHT, FREDDIE!
GEE WHIZ! BETTY SURE IS POPULAR SINCE SHE STARTED WEARING SLACKS!
AND AFTER THE GAME WE'RE HAVING A DANCE AND -
I'M SORRY, GOODY BUT I'M GOING WITH ARCHIE THURSDAY NIGHT!
HMMM! SOME CRUST THAT GUY HAS! CAN'T HE SEE I'M HERE OR DO I LOOK LIKE PART OF THE TREE?
BOY! YOU OUGHT TO OPEN AN ESCORT AGENCY WITH ALL THE DATES THESE WOLVES THROW AT YOU!
ESCORT AGENCY? YOU MEAN WHERE YOU PAY SO MUCH AND THE AGENCY SUPPLIES YOU WITH A PARTNER?
HEY! THAT'S IT! I'LL START AN ESCORT AGENCY!
SAD

WHAT AN IDEA! WAIT TILL WE GET THESE PAMPHLETS SPREAD ALL OVER TOWN!
AND I DON'T HAVE TO ASK WHO'S GOING TO DO THE SPREADING!
DARN FUNNY HOW ALL ARCHIES IDEAS DEVELOP INTO A FULL-TIME JOB FOR ME!
UNTHINKINGLY JUG SLIPS ONE UNDER A CERTAIN TEACHER'S DOOR
HEART'S DESIRE AGENCY
WELL!
HUH! MISS GRUNDY! DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR DOOR!
JUGHEAD! WHAT'S THIS-A JOKE? HMMPH!.. ESCORTS! HOW SILLY!
OH! IT'S NO JOKE, MISS GRUNDY! "HEART'S DESIRE" IS AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM!
WHY, THEY'VE BEEN FURNISHING RIVERDALE'S FAIRER SEX WITH THE CREAM OF THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR CROP FOR FOR... SOME TIME!
WELL, I GOT OUT OF THAT ONLY DATE THAT OLD GOON EVER HAD HAD A PIT IN IT!
next morning
HERE'S A LETTER FOR "HEART'S DESIRE" MR. ANDREWS!
MORNING, BET... ER, MISS COOPER!
MR ANDREWS

HOT DOG! HERE'S OUR FIRST CUSTOMER WITH TEN BUCKS LISTEN "DEAR HEART'S DESIRE, I AM A LONELY LITTLE GIRL AND WOULD LIKE A HANDSOME ESCORT FOR THURSDAY NIGHT. AT 7 P.M. PS PLEASE SEND ME HIS PICTURE... IMPATIENTLY, MURIEL
HEY! AREN'T YOU GONNA SEND YOUR PICTURE?
NO! YOU ARE! YOU'RE TAKING HER OUT FIX IT UP, WILL YOU? I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO MAKE POLICE COURT WITH THIS SAWBUCK!
SHUX! HAVEN'T GOT A PICTURE OF MYSELF! MAYBE OUGHT TO SEND SOMETHIN SO'S WHEN SHE SEES ME IT'LL BE A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
STOP THAT COUGH
COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL 5¢
1942
STOP THAT COUGH
COUGH DROPS MENTHOL
THAT OUGHT TO DO IT! 42
next evening
LISSEN, JUGHEAD! I SEE WHAT PICTURE YOU SENT! YEAH! RIGHT OFF THE WALL! AND WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN HERE? DO YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE TO TAKE THIS MIMI OUT IN AN HOUR? HUH?
REWS
WHAT!
HHH
'WHAT IS IT, JUGHEAD? YOU HAVE THE MUMPS? OH YOU POOR BOY!
DARN CONVENIENT GETTING THE MUMPS RIGHT NOW... TOO DARN CONVENIENT!
BUT, ARCHIE, YOU WENT OVER THERE AND SAW THE QUARANTINE SIGN YOURSELF!
HOPE I CAN GET THIS LAMP-BLACK OUT OF MY HAIR! WHAT A DUMB TRICK SENDING THAT PICTURE! HOW DO I LOOK, BETTY?
LIKE A VICTIM OF THE RAZOR BLADE SHORTAGE!


I WONDER WHAT THIS MAN LOOKS LIKE? I'LL PROBABLY LOOK LIKE HER FATHER! THAT JERK BLOKHEAD!
OH! THERE YOU ARE!
(GULP) MISS GRUNDY! MY HISTORY TEACHER!
NOW YOU WAIT RIGHT THERE WHILE I GET DRESSED MR MR
ER AH MR SMITH!
NIX POOCH! BEAT IT! SCRAM!
TEE HEE! YOU SAY THE SWEETEST THINGS, MR SMITH!
OH, WHAT A CHARMING PLACE MR SMITH! . . . SOOOOOOO ROMANTIC!
YOU'RE PAYING FOR IT, SISTER! ..WOW! WHAT A PUSS!
TELL ME MIMI, WHAT DOES A DELICATE LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU DO WITH HERSELF?
I'M JUST A POOR, LITTLE DEFENSELESS SCHOOL TEACHER!
ULP! IS THAT SO? AH, THAT MUST BE AN INTRIGUING PROFESSION!
YES I LIKE IT EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE SNIP NAMED ARCHIE... BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT!
YES, LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT ME ...OOP. ER I MEAN... LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU! DO YOU CONGA?
OH! I'D LOVE TO!


YIPPEEE!
ONE. TWO THREE.. UGH!
BUT DURING THE COURSE OF THE DANCE ARCHIE'S BEARD GETS CAUGHT IN MISS GRUNDY'S BROOCH.
OH MR SMITH YOU RE HOLDING ME SO TIGHT YOU FAIRLY TAKE MY BREATH AWAY!
GOTTA GET THIS ON BEFORE SHE SEES ME!
about 2 a m
DANCING WITH YOU ALL NIGHT S LIKE DANCING ON CLOUDS!
THAT'S A NEW NAME FOR MY FEET!
YOU CAN KISS ME GOOD NIGHT SMITHY-WITHY!
SMACK
OOOOH! SN T LOVE GRAND!
SLAM
HEY!
?
?
a week later
I MUST SAY YOU'VE BEEN A PAT ENT AND LOYAL PAL! BUT JUGHEAD IS ALL WELL! HE'LL BE OUT SHORTLY!
DONT YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO ST CK AROUND, DOC? 'CAUSE HE SHOULD HAVE A RELAPSE?
BY POPULAR DEMAND THAT DE/AST-AT.NG SUB DEB VERONICA LODGE STEPS BACK INTO ARCHIE'S L FE NEXT ISSUE! POOR ARCHIE!
DON'T MISS IT IN
PEP and JACKPOT comics

bentley
AND YARD
MY BROTHER DON, HERE, AND I COULD TELL YOU MANY SUCH STORIES OF MY DISCOVERY OF ANTARTICA IN THE SOUTH POLE! YOU SEE, BENTLEY- ..OH, WASN'T THAT THE FRONT DOORBELL?
KEEP RINGING AL, THIS IS MAJOR GRAYSON'S HOUSE ALL RIGHT!
WHAT WAS THE ECHO OF THE FROZEN NORTH THAT STABBED WITH ICY FINGERS INTO THE VERY HEART OF LONDON? HOW DID SUB ZERO DEATH CHILL THE MARROW OF THE PRETENDING INNOCENT? READ ON-AND DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF HOW BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD INGENIOUSLY SOLVED THE MOST BAFFLING CASE IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!

RIGHT IN HERE BOYS! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS PACKAGE!
A FELLOW EXPLORER OF MINE PROMISED TO SEND ME SOME POLAR RELICS, AND, BELIEVE...
SUDDENLY MAJOR GRAYSON STARTS UP IN HORROR
HE UNWRAPPED PARCEL REVEALS A GRIM, FROZEN JEST-A CORPSE ENTOMBED IN ICE.
GREAT GUNS! IT'S DR. SLADE WHO ACCOMPANIED ME ON MY LAST EXPEDITION!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE IN LONDON WHERE THIS CRIME COULD HAVE BEEN COMMITTED!
WHERE BENTLEY?
AT THE HIGHGATE ICE PLANT! COME ALONG!
THE FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS EXAMINE THE FREEZING VATS!

THE FOREMAN GREETS THEM
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MAJOR GRAYSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
DO YOU KNOW THE MAJOR, FOREMAN?
I SURE DO! I WAS THE FIRST MATE ON HIS LAST TRIP AND HE CHEATED ME OUT OF THREE MONTHS' PAY!
I DID NOT, WALTERS! YOU WERE INSUBORDINATE!
THESE ARE THE VATS YOU ASKED TO SEE, BENTLEY. ALL THE ICE-CAKES ARE MADE HERE!
... AND WHEN THEY'RE FROZEN THEY DESCEND THROUGH THOSE CHUTES!
OH, MAJOR! COME HERE A MINUTE!
DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY DR. SLADE SHOULD BE MURDERED?
SUDDENLY..
HELP! I'M FALLING!
AND THE MAJOR TUMBLES INTO THE FREEZING VATS AS HIS BROTHER DON TRIES TO SAVE HIM...
HURRY UP, WALTERS, SHUT OFF THE FREEZING CONTROL!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE! ANOTHER LIFE IS SNUFFED OUT BY THE SUB-ZERO DEATH...
BENTLEY RUSHES TO THE CONTROL ROOM..
HOW TERRIBLE! BROTHER (SOB-SOB)!
WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS BENTLEY REACHES THE UPPER TIER...
HEY, YOU! SHUT OFF THE CONTROLS!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JULIAN THOMAS. SO WHAT?
MAJOR GRAYSON'S BEEN KILLED OWING TO YOUR CARELESSNESS... WHY DIDN'T YOU SHUT THIS OFF WHEN I SHOUTED TO YOU!
I-ER DIDN'T HEAR YOU.
GRAYSON! THAT FOURFLUSHER! MY ASSISTANT, JOE, HERE, AND I HAVE HATED HIM EVER SINCE THAT LAST EXPEDITION!
SEEM TO BE A LOT OF CHAPS HERE WHO KNOW GRAYSON... VERY STRANGE!
HEY, BENTLEY, COME HERE A MINUTE!
AND AS BENTLEY LEAVES...
WHAT THAT SCOTLAND YARD GUY DOESN'T KNOW WOULD FILL A BOOK!
4

AS BENTLEY RUNS TOWARD THE FOREMAN..
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS!
THE ENORMOUS TONGS THAT TRANSPORT ICE-CAKES SNAP AT BENTLEY'S LEGS!
STRUGGLING FRANTICALLY, BENTLEY IS CARRIED PERILOUSLY INTO THE AIR...
IF I DON'T MAKE THIS I'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!
AHH! THANK HEAVEN!
WRENCHING HIS FOOT FREE OF THE IRON JAWS, BENTLEY SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET...
INSIDE THAT DOOR IS THE MURDERER OF SLADE AND GRAYSON ...AND I KNOW WHO HE IS!
WHAT CUNNING MURDERER LIES IN WAIT IN THE CONTROL CABIN! BENTLEY KNOWS HIS IDENTITY! DO YOU? IS IT... DONALD GRAYSON FOREMAN WALTERS JULIAN THOMAS HIS FOREMAN JOE
PICK YOUR SUSPECT AND THEN TURN THE PAGE!
5

DONALD GRAYSON! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THOSE CRANE CONTROLS, GRAYSON. YOU'VE COMMITTED ENOUGH MURDERS WITHOUT TRYING TO ADD MINE TO YOUR LIST!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I KILLED MY BROTHER AND BLADE, AND I'M NOT SORRY. THEY BECAME FAMOUS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF ANTARTICA! I NEVER GOT ANY OF THE CREDIT SO I GOT MY REVENGE! NOW SET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!
NO ONE WILL PUT ME BEHIND BARS! I'LL SEE TO THAT!
COME BACK HERE, GRAYSON!
BUT BEFORE BENTLEY CAN REACH THE MURDERER, HE PLUMMETS OVER THE EDGE TO CERTAIN DEATH BELOW...
CAUTION MOVING CRANE ELEVATION 125 FEET
HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
JUST AS WELL! HIS SELF-INFLICTED DEATH WILL SAVE THE GOVERNMENT THE EXPENSE OF HANGING HIM!
NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS! NO MATTER HOW JUSTIFIED DONALD GRAYSON BELIEVED HIMSELF TO BE - HE WAS A MURDERER! HE MET THE DEATH HE METED OUT TO OTHERS!
6